VOGUE

60c

FEBRUARY 15

The truth about
the **hat**
situation

All you need to know about
the **new shoes**

A dozen new ways to lead
the **sweater-life**

"She Was Charming"—
can you find yourself
in this man's story?

Decorating around one good thing

**ADVANCED
EDITION**

there goes that
red box again

FOR THE
young
woman
WHO **Lives** *in*
a shoe...

Town & Country Shoes

T&C shoes $8.95 to $14.95
Town & Country Shoes
Ambassador Bldg., St. Louis 1, Mo.


LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE
The Costume Dress . . .
Jo Copeland of Pattullo designs
a wonderful sheer wool
princess coat dress, with a
complete costume look,
very young and chic.
Navy or black, fully lined,
set off with silk buttons
and binding. Designer Dresses
Bonwit Teller
NEW YORK
MANHASSET
WHITE PLAINS
CHICAGO
CLEVELAND
BOSTON
PALM BEACH



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JESSICA DAVES
Editor-in-Chief

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Art Director

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ALLENE TALMEY, Feature Editor
PRISCILLA PECK, Art Editor
MARGARET CASE

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CAROL PHILLIPS

Fashion Editors:
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MILDRED MORTON

Beauty Editor:
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Travel Editor:
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Copy Executive:
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ANNIS BRADSHAW

Merchandising Service:
DOROTHY PARK

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MARCEL GUILLAUME

Layout:
G. WOODFORD PRATT
GERALD SLATER

Promotion Director:
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NEW ENGLAND OFFICE
Statler Building, Boston 16, Mass.
Manager: John Brunelle

WESTERN OFFICE
Wrigley Building, Chicago 11, Ill.
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PACIFIC COAST OFFICE
631 S. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles 5, Cal.
Manager: Robert J. Lapham

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W.1.
Editor: Audrey Withers
Chairman: Harry W. Yoxall
Managing Director: Reginald A. F. Williams

FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
Ass't to Publisher: Henry Bertrand

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone — LExington 2-7500

I. S. V.-Patcévitch, President
Benjamin Bogin, Vice President
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Vol. 135, No. 4
Whole No. 2034

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 15, 1960

COVER

First glimpse of the hat situation—
through a little-evening cage
of green leaves, white stephanotis,
and a rose-coloured rose at brow-level
(all-out deliciousness is one of the
self-evident truths of the hat situation
this spring—for which, see pages 73 to 81).
Greenery under greenery: Liquid Eye Lustre,
working as shadow and liner.
The lipstick—believe it or not—
is called Ginger Peachy;
comes with the news of a ball-point case.
Everything by Lilly Daché. At Altman's;
Wanamaker's, Phila.; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

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we like forstmann's grey chiffon flannel...its finesse and the way it combines elegance with grace...the timeless beauty it imparts to these day dresses...designed exclusively for I. MAGNIN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE



we like forstmann's grey flannel...its lightweight suppleness and the way it adapts itself to the fashionable new shapings of the spring coat and suit...designed exclusively for I. MAGNIN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • FRESNO • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

Rose-wreathed CASHMERE, OUR LUSH SLIPCOVER FOR A LINEN-WEAVE SILK SHEATH, 159.95

IN NAVY, TOAST OR BLUE. EXCLUSIVE IN OUR
DRESS COLLECTIONS. FIFTH FLOOR IN NEW YORK



Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • OLD ORCHARD AT SKOKIE • PALM SPRINGS

Square-cut AT THE BOWED SAILOR COLLAR, OUR PARCHMENT SILK ROUNDS OUT BELOW THE WAIST, 250.00

BLACK, EMERALD OR ROYAL. DRESS COLLECTIONS,
IN NEW YORK, FIFTH FLOOR.



Very **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • CHICAGO • SKOKIE • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • MIAMI BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE • PALM BEACH

Silk print for Mrs. Exeter, climate-controlled by fur



The little silk, tea-minded and matinee-inclined, to wear with furs now and without them later in the season, but to wear in either case as a harmony of beige: the dress, keyed to café au lait; chamois-coloured hat and gloves; taupe shoes. Unseen details: elbow-sleeved dress, with a neckline that, like the jacket edge, has soft bias detailing. By I. Doctor, of Onondaga silk, in half sizes; about $100. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Hat by Irene of New York, a high fez of a hand-sewn straw braid.

BOUTIQUE

READY-TO-WEAR FASHIONS

FOR SPRING, 1960...

Hand-made in Paris...

DESIGNED BY THESE WORLD-FAMED FRENCH COUTURIERS...

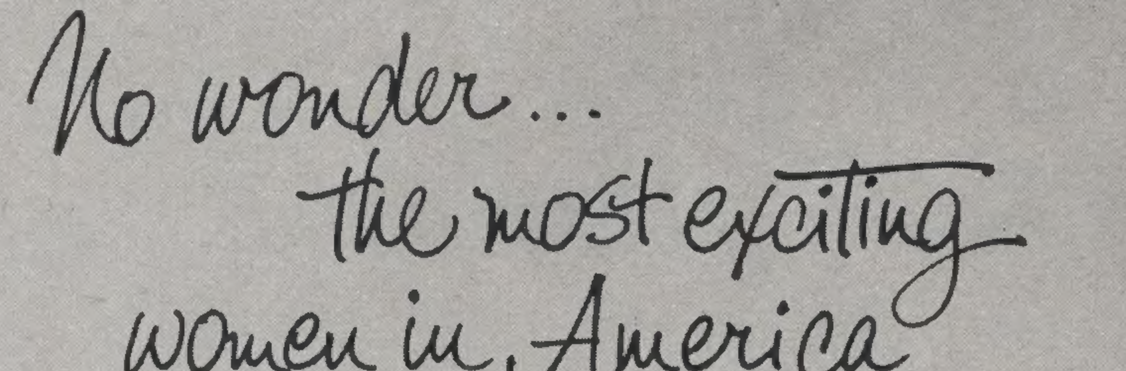
- Jacques HEIM
- GRÈS
- Guy LAROCHE
- Jacques GRIFFE
- MAGGY ROUFF

Here at last, the magnificent Parisian boutique read-to-wear collection . . . hand-made in the true European tradition for the American woman's figure.

Proudly we present these beautiful creations . . . each one a masterpiece of the Couture's art—yet all sensibly priced . . . because they are from the boutique ready-to-wear collections.

The following pages present only a few designs . . . as an irresistible temptation for you to see the complete, magnificent collection of boutique clothes available at all ten stores listed on these pages. Additional designs include creations by Jean DESSES, LANVIN CASTILLO, Madeleine de RAUCH, and PIERRE CARDIN.

No wonder... the most exciting women in America find the most exciting name in fashion...



Coiffures by Caritha of Paris


Radiant elegance
enhanced with a
beguiling pouff . . .
designed by
Guy LAROCHE
Hand-made in Paris . . .
$145
From the extensive
boutique collection at
all ten fashionable
stores listed.
VANDEVERS
TULSA, OKLA.
Bramson
CHICAGO, ILL.



Figure-flattering tunic
effect in black dot
on white shantung . . .
designed by

Jacques HEIM

Hand-made in Paris . . .
$130

From the extensive
boutique collection at
all ten fashionable
stores listed.

Rosette
Pennington
NEW YORK CITY

Stripling's
FT. WORTH, TEXAS

Galerie



Inspired simplicity in
Navy surah with white
dots . . . designed by

GRÈS

Hand-made in Paris . . .
$150

From the extensive
boutique collection at
all ten fashionable
stores listed.

Miller Bros Co
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Bon Marché INC
ASHEVILLE, • CHARLOTTE, N. C.



Enchanting harmony . . .
black cocktail suit with
pink blouse
designed by

MAGGY ROUFF

Hand-made in Paris . . .
$265

From the extensive
boutique collection at
all ten fashionable
stores listed.

Popular Dry Goods Co.
EL PASO, TEXAS

Lichtenstein's
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

Galerie



A vision of loveliness, artfully draped to enhance a diminutive waist . . designed by

Jacques GRIFFE

Hand-made in Paris . . . $200

From the extensive boutique collection at all ten fashionable stores listed.

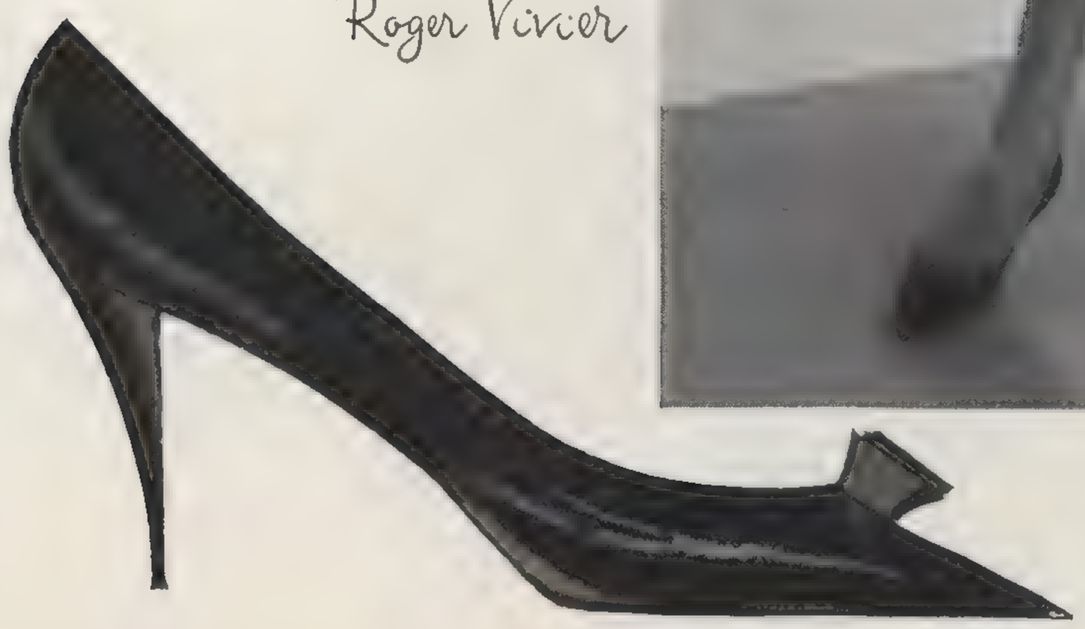
HUBBARD'S inc.
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

BLACH'S
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Christian Dior-
New York
created by
Yves St. Laurent exclusively
for Christian Dior-New York...
an afternoon
ensemble of taupe
brown tussah,
opulently sashed
with surah

Harzfeld's

Christian Dior Shoes
presents magnificence...
jet heeled and
Paris pleated.
Designed by
Roger Vivier





HAT—CHRISTIAN DIOR

MAN POINTING BY ALBERTO GIACOMETTI PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Harzfeld's, Petticoat Lane, Kansas City 5, Missouri

VOGUE'S SHOE CONTEST

100 women will win a pair of new spring shoes in VOGUE's Shoe Contest "the shoes that key the costume"

Directly at the right is your entry blank for the contest. For contest rules and the directions on how to enter, please turn to the next page.

ENTRY BLANK

Participating Shoe Advertisers:	Costume Number:	Name, Number, or brief description of shoe:
Christian Dior Shoes		
Citations		
Cobbies (Red Cross Shoe Co.)		
Cobblers (Cobblers Inc.)		
Confettis (Brauer Bros. Shoe Co.)		
Customcraft (Schwartz & Benjamin)		
Drew Shoes (Irving Drew Corp.)		
Fashion Craft (Craddock-Terry Corp.)		
Foot Saver (Julian & Kokenge)		
Fortunet (Genesco)		
Jacqueline (Wohl Shoe Co.)		
Joyce		
La Patti (Nusrala Shoe Co.)		
Levor Leathers (styled by DeLiso Debs)		
Life Stride (Brown Shoe Co.)		
Mademoiselle (Genesco)		
Oldmaine Trotters (Old Town Shoe Co.)		
Ripple® Sole (styled by Joyce)		
Risqué (Brown Shoe Co.)		
Soft Pedals (Queen Quality)		
Troylings (Lown Shoes Inc.)		
Tweedies (Tweedie Footwear Corp.)		
Valentine (Genesco)		
Vitality (International Shoe Co.)		

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Shoe Choice_____ Colour_____ Size_____

I have read the rules to this contest and I agree to them fully.

Signature_____

Cut out and mail to VOGUE Shoe Contest, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

FIND THE SHOES THAT

Test your fashion sense—and win a pair of spring shoes. Shown here are five fashion sketches of five basic costume types. 1: At Home. 2: City-to-Country. 3: Real Country. 4: City Day. 5: Late Day. All are shoeless—which is where the contest begins. On the preceding page is your entry blank. On the blank we have listed the name of every shoe advertiser who is participating in the contest. What you do is to find each maker's advertisement, in this issue of VOGUE, take each shoe design shown in that maker's advertisement, and indicate which of the five basic costumes the shoe should be worn with. (If an advertisement shows more than one shoe design, make sure you select a costume for each shoe.) Space has been left on the entry blank beside each advertiser's name. In each blank write the costume number plus a brief description of which shoe you mean. (Note: shoes shown in the editorial pages of this issue are *not* a part of the contest. Also note: not every shoe advertiser is a participant in the contest—only those makers listed on the entry blank.)

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest is open to any woman residing in the United States or Canada. It is not necessary for her to subscribe to VOGUE to enter. No entrant may be in any way connected with Condé Nast Publications Inc., Street & Smith Publications, Inc., nor with any of the shoe advertisers in February 15 VOGUE, or their advertising agencies—nor related to any of their employees.

2. Each contestant must send in an entry blank or facsimile thereof postmarked no later than midnight, March 10, 1960.

3. On these pages are drawings of five important types of costumes for spring. The names of the participating shoe advertisers in February 15 VOGUE are listed on the entry blank. The contestant must indicate, for every shoe advertised in the issue from makers listed on the entry blank, which of the five basic costumes the shoe should be worn with. Simply enter the costume number and a brief description of the shoe in the space provided beside the name of each maker on the entry blank. Any entry that is not complete in every detail will be disqualified.

4. Entries will be judged on the contestant's choice of the appropriate advertised shoes for the correct costume. (Colour of the shoe will be disregarded in the judging.) A panel of VOGUE editors will be the judges, and their decision will be final. In case of ties, those contestants with the earliest postal marks will be the winners.

5. One hundred prizes will be given by VOGUE. Each winner will be notified and can then make her choice of any pair of shoes shown in a participating maker's advertisement in February 15 VOGUE. (If shoes should be unavailable, winner will receive another pair of shoes from the advertising pages in the contest.) Winners will be notified by mail, on or about April 15, 1960.

VOGUE SHOE CONTEST



KEY THE COSTUME...



3
real country look

4
city day look

5
late day look



Leather Shoes... Key the Costume

City, country, A.M., P.M., leather shoes, alone,
have the genuine individuality and quality that cannot be duplicated.
Add a footnote of true elegance to your Spring costume with beautiful leather shoes.
For recognized value...for fashion superiority...leather is truly the key!

CLOTHES COURTESY ROBERT LEADER SHOPS, NEW YORK

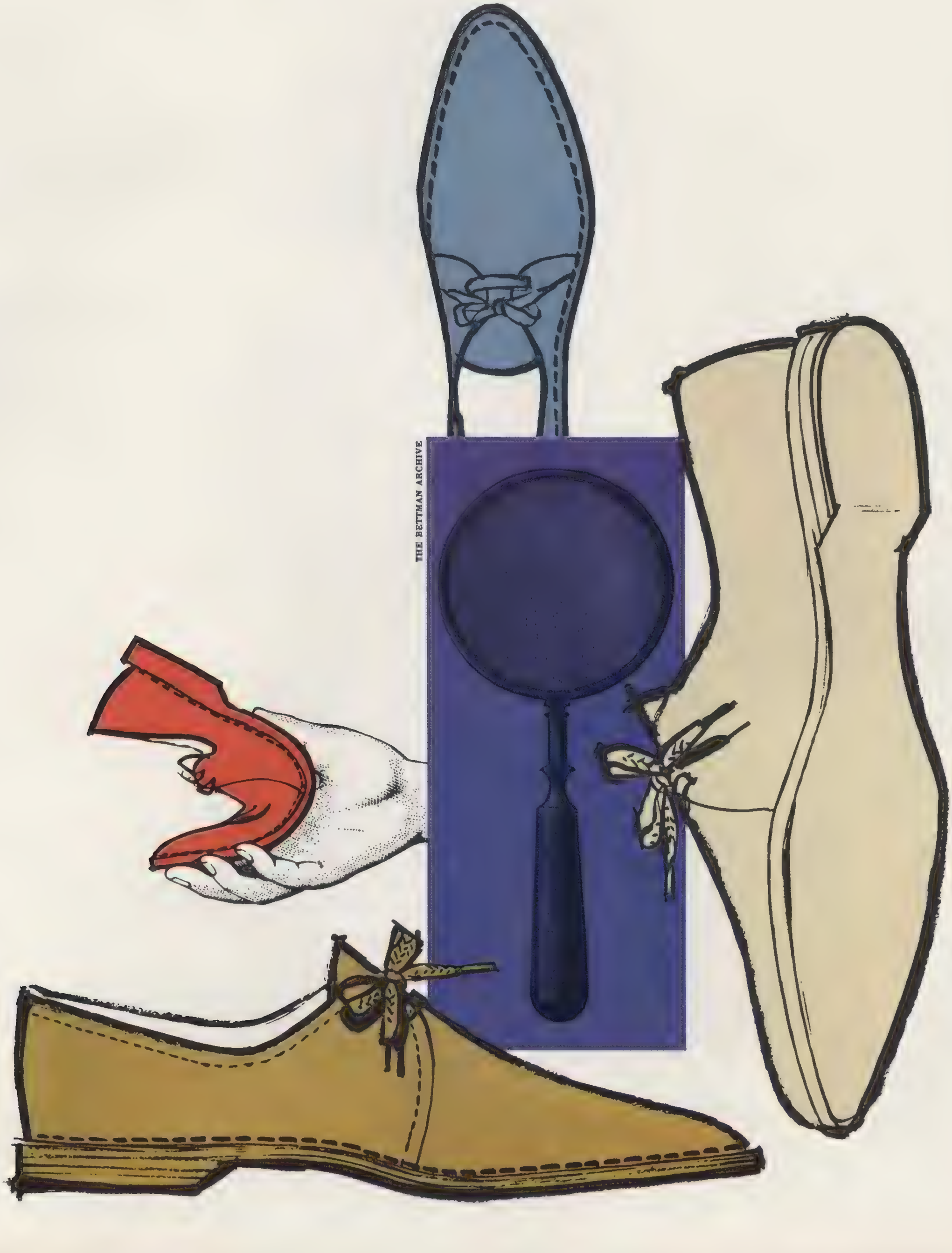
LEATHER KEY TO FASHION

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA

UNDERCOVER. *First clue! What's the softest, lightest, most flexible foot covering since skin? Elementary, my dear—it's Joyce's inspired new UNDERCOVER. Who but Joyce would think of ingeniously enfolding your foot in such glovely cushioned softness . . . by skillfully fashioning the soles of the same fine, supple-worked leather as the uppers? Soda-fountain colors. Joyceriffic! Most Joyces $10.95 to $14.95*

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

joyce California ...a way of life



THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE


For spring's
sparkling moments
DU PONT
SPARKLING
NYLON
The new kind of nylon
that makes stockings flicker
with 1,001 lights! Think of them
with sparkling make-up, nail polish,
fashions. Think of them for
every sparkling moment. Think of them,
whenever you want to look your
most exciting self. Where to find
stockings of "Du Pont Sparkling Nylon"?
Simple. Just look for this symbol
at your favorite hosiery counter:
DU PONT
SPARKLING
NYLON
DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Hats, John Frederics Charmer

sheer rayon crepe

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS

jerold does wonderful things for your summer afternoons . . . to keep you cool, fresh, unwrinkled. Two airy-sheer, hand-detailed originals of Bemberg rayon Crepe Julette in exquisite print patterns and colors by Mac Etlinger of KIMBERLY FABRICS . . . both frosted with appliques of imported Swiss lace. Aqua, navy, copen, pink. Both styles in sizes 12½ to 22½; also (dress on right only) sizes 38 to 44. Each, $49.95. Burdine's, Miami; B. Altman & Co., New York; J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; J.W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles; Draper's Studio, Pasadena; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Bemberg
ARISTOCRAT OF RAYON YARN

"BEMBERG" IS THE REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR AMERICAN BEMBERG CUPRAMMONIUM RAYON YARN.

For name of store nearest you write to: BEAUNIT MILLS, Inc., Fibers Division • Main Office: 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, 16, N.Y. • Plant: Elizabethton, Tenn.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



Treasure of the deep for your fingertips

CUTEX® pearl polishes

Made with essence of pearl! Fathoms deep down in the ocean, Nature produces the precious nacre for Cutex pearl polishes. Along Fifth Avenue and the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré its pearly sheen gives a whole new look to smart hands. Because Cutex pearl polishes have a subtle excitement that makes other polishes seem dim and lifeless by comparison. Whether you prefer a vivid pink or an offbeat green or orchid, Cutex pearl colors have a special radiance all their own. Turn your fingertips into gleaming jewels...with Cutex long-lasting pearl polishes!



Quality at your feet...

BROWN
SHOE COMPANY



Dark Sparkle

Now a black patent gem
to brighten spring wardrobes.
Now, to flash a signal that a new
season is on the way. Choose
this one, for only Risqué
could make black patent
such an adventure.

Shoe illustrated, 12.99
Other styles, 6.99 to 12.99
Higher Denver West

DARCEL

RISQUÉ®

Risqué Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri

In your area these stores feature Risqué shoes

CONNECTICUT

ANSONIA	Marvin Shoes, Inc.
BRISTOL	Lorraine Shoe Co.
NEW BRITAIN	Sloan Bros.
TORRINGTON	Howard's
WATERBURY	Musler-Liebeskind Co.

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON	The Bootery

FLORIDA

FT. MYERS	McCoy's Shoes
GAINESVILLE	Mitchell's Shoe Store
MIAMI	Globe Shoe Store
OCALA	Gibson Cates Shoes
PENSACOLA	Cindy's
ST. PETERSBURG	Alan Jerome, Inc.
SARASOTA	Sport Shop
WEST PALM BEACH	Anthony's

GEORGIA

ATHENS	Lamar Lewis Co.
ATLANTA	Norman's
ATLANTA	Schiff's
BRUNSWICK	Novelty Shoe Store
COLUMBUS	J. A. Kirven Co.
ROME	Fahy Store
THOMASVILLE	Lipsey's
VALDOSTA	Luke Bros.
WAYCROSS	Schreiber's

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE	Hecht-May Company
FREDERICK	Kemp's, Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON	R. H. Stearns Co. (Main & Chester Hill)
HOLYOKE	McAuslan-Wakelin Co.
NORTH ADAMS	Boston Store
NORTHAMPTON	McCallum's

NEW JERSEY

BAYONNE	David's Shoes
HADDONFIELD	Ricci's Shoes, Inc.
PERTH AMBOY	Boston Shoe Co.
PLAINFIELD	David Bruce
TRENTON	Handis Shoes
UNION	The Shoe Box
WESTFIELD	Epstein's Bootery

NEW YORK

ALBANY	E. D. Edwards Shoes (Stuyvesant Plaza)
ALBANY	J. G. Myers
BAY SHORE	H. A. Kalt
BROOKLYN	Bennies Bootery
BROOKLYN	Sterling Bootery
BUFFALO	Hens & Kelley (Downtown, Smith Pl. & Transitown Pl.)
HEWLETT	Alexander Septon
HUDSON	Siegel & Sons
ITHACA	Van's Shoes
MANHASSET	Plandome Shoes, Inc.
NEW YORK	Town Shoes Fifth Ave., Inc.
OLEAN	Bradner's
POUGHKEEPSIE	The Wallace Co.
TROY	Wm. H. Frear & Co.

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BURLINGTON	Sellar's Dept. Store
CANTON	Winner's
CHARLOTTE	Vogue
CONCORD	Baucom's Shoe Store
DURHAM	K's Exclusive Shoes
FAYETTEVILLE	K's Exclusive Shoes
GREENSBORO	Ellis Stone Company
HIGH POINT	Tobias
KANNAPOLIS	Logan's
LENOIR	Gold Shop
MORGANTON	Katz Dept. Store
RALEIGH	Brittain's
SALISBURY	Phil's Family Shoe Store
SANFORD	Bootery
STATESVILLE	Gaylord's
WILMINGTON	Freeman Shoe Co.
WINSTON-SALEM	Davis, Inc.

PENNSYLVANIA

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BUTLER	Sheasley's Brownbilt Shoe Store
HARRISBURG	Schleisner's
LANCASTER	Arrow Shoe Co.
McKEESPORT	Richard's
NEW KENSINGTON	Teek's
PHILADELPHIA	Dewee's
PITTSBURGH	Kaufmann's
POTTSVILLE	Greenwald's
UPPER DARBY	Caro's
WASHINGTON	Teek's

SOUTH CAROLINA

COLUMBIA	Belks Dept. Store
FLORENCE	Samra's
GREENVILLE	Belk Simpson Plaza Store
MARION	Dianne Dress Shop
SUMTER	Capitol Dept. Store

VIRGINIA

BRISTOL	Betty Gay Shop
DANVILLE	McCollum-Ferrell
NEWPORT NEWS	Adams Shoe Store
NORFOLK	Montagna's, Inc. (26 Southern Shp. Ctr. & 437 Franby St.)
PORTSMOUTH	Montagna's, Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA

BLUEFIELD	Estee's
CHARLESTON	Arnold's Shoe Store

LEATHER SHOES KEY THE COSTUME



Spring news now: the instant-dress

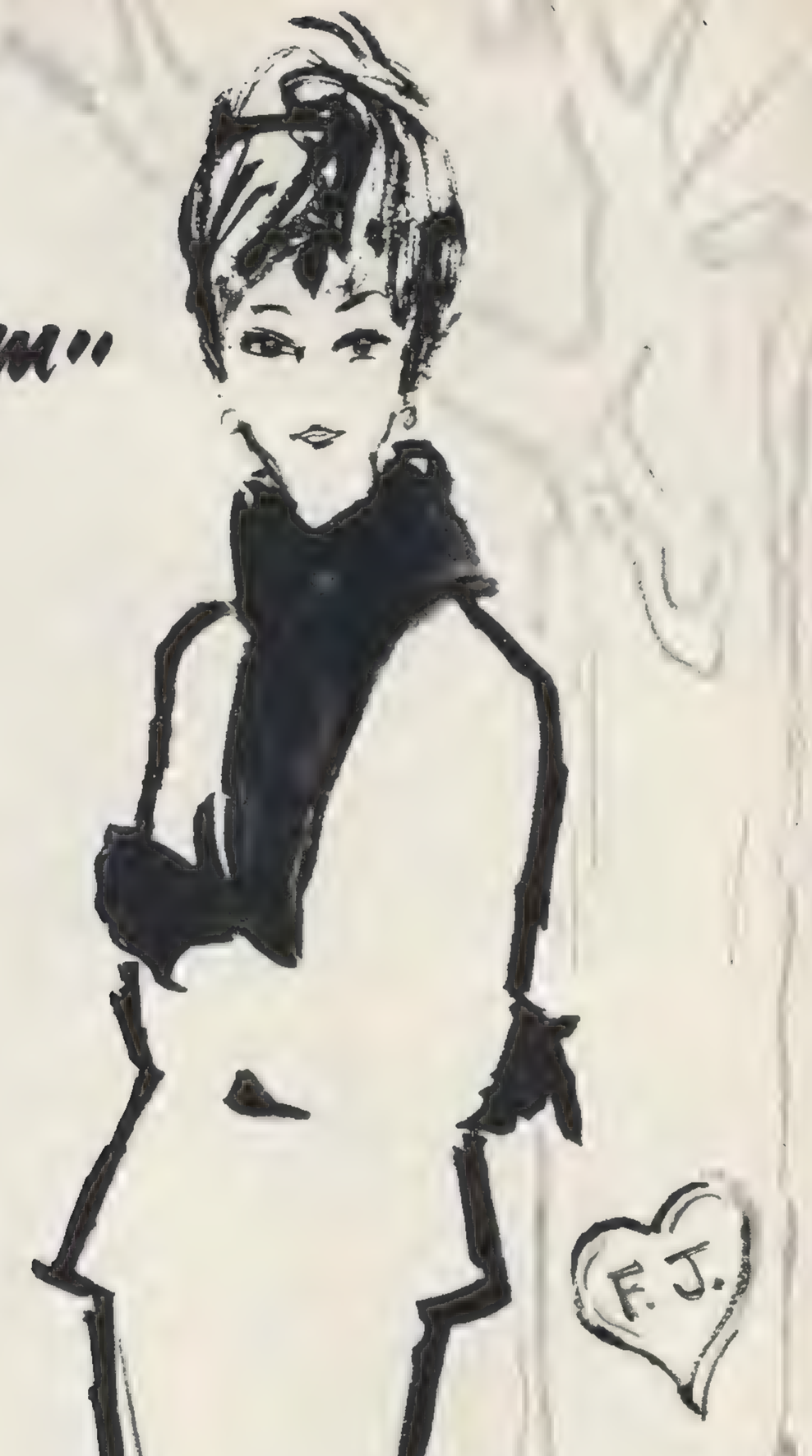
Just add a coat and wear, from now on until the mercury rises; after that the instant-dress solos happily. It's prescribed as a pick-me-up for weary winter wardrobes. Here: in a deep news-this-season brown, with wide tunnel sleeves piped in white. a neckline that's an invitation to accessorize. By Carlye, of Chardon-Marché textured silk. At De Pinna; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Beret by Emme.



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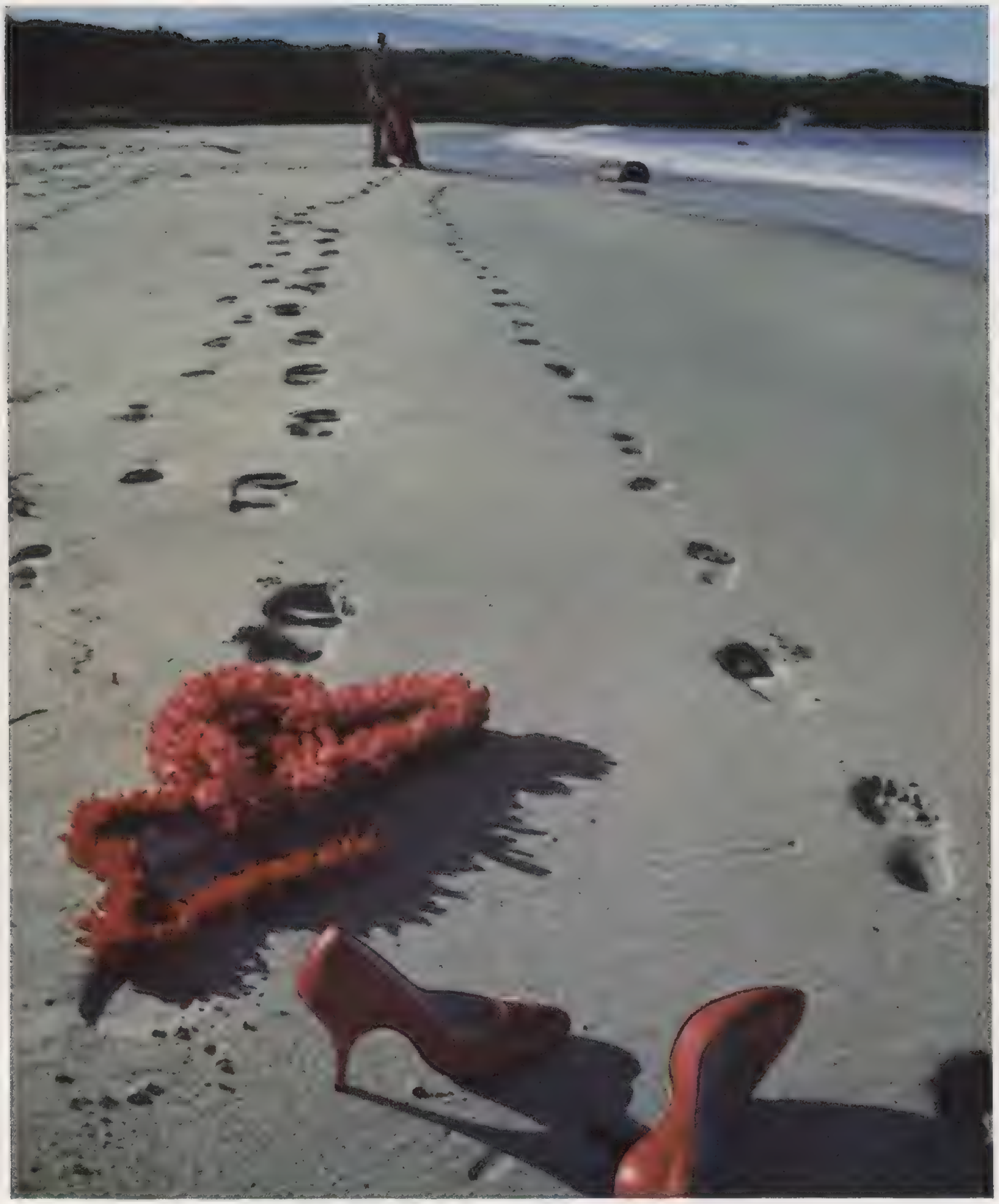
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Sweet-and-sour cooking

BY BARBARA POSES KAFKA

"Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweet its soure."
—Percy's Reliques

Which is a several-centuries-old omen of eating pleasure if not of unmixed bliss in life. for sweet-and-sour food is more than the slight exoticism of pork in a Chinese restaurant. To realize that this pungent combination is a familiar excitement, we have only to think of the appetite-evoking smell of a ham, glazed with sugar, cider vinegar, and beer, or of the acid perfection of summer's first lemonade:

"A Persian's heaven is eas'ly made;
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

The special dishes of special places are, from happy time to time, sweet and sour. On a rough-stone, cat-clogged terrace in Heraclion, I delighted to find that the fish I had carefully selected in the kitchen was being served to me filmed over by a lemon sauce fragrant with thyme and honey from Hymettus.

Recollection in tranquility serves the cook as well; that and cookbooks and a knowledge of the basic ingredients: lemon or vinegar and sugar (sometimes honey, jam, or molasses) and fruit—a tempting orange spurting bright juice, or early-ripening sour cherries.

Perhaps no vegetable is better with vinegar and brown sugar than cabbage. The first sweet-and-sour dish I ever made was with cabbage. The making was an act of love and sheer bravado. My father, who knows good food, was coming to dinner in my house for the first time. The only thing I could think to make to match the occasion was a red-cabbage soup out of his Russian childhood memories. Had I known then how dangerous it is to tamper with memories. I would not have tried. After days of experiment, the soup was served and was a total failure. Many attempts later, I have a recipe which satisfies my father.

FATHER'S CABBAGE SOUP

3 quarts water
1¼ cups red wine vinegar
3 cups brown sugar
½ cup red wine
3½ pounds of ham hock, containing a good piece of bone (*if possible, have the butcher give you an extra piece of ham bone and have him crack it*)
1½ red cabbages
4 red onions
3 tablespoons beef glaze
3 beef bouillon cubes
2 tablespoons sour salt
12 cloves
12 black peppercorns
6 potatoes

Bring ham, extra bones and water to a boil in a high, narrow soup pot. Skim thoroughly. Add cabbage cut in eighths and red onions cut in quarters. Bring to a boil. Do not worry if the soup now looks grey. Add all the other ingredients except the potatoes. The colour will now be satisfactory. Reduce heat to a low simmer: only one bubble should break through the water at a time. Simmer the soup for 5 hours. Set aside to cool and, the following morning, skim carefully. Remove meat and cut off the excess fat. Twenty minutes before you wish to serve the soup, boil the quartered potatoes. Heat the soup. Cut up some of the meat and place a few pieces in each soup bowl along with several sections of

(Continued on page 48)

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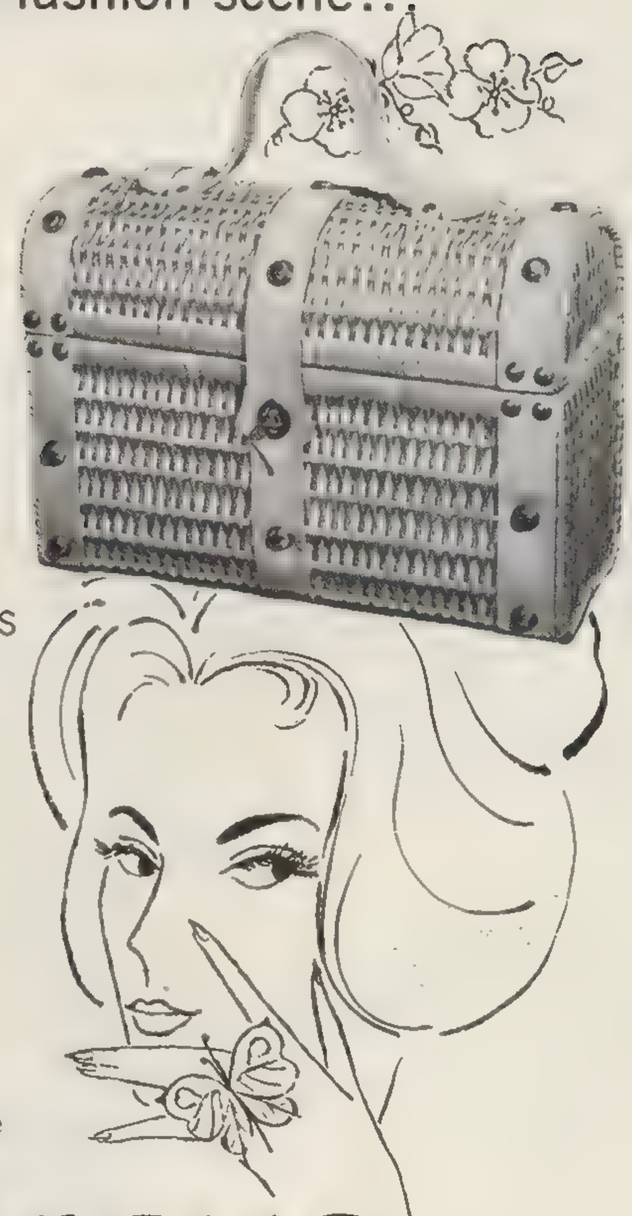
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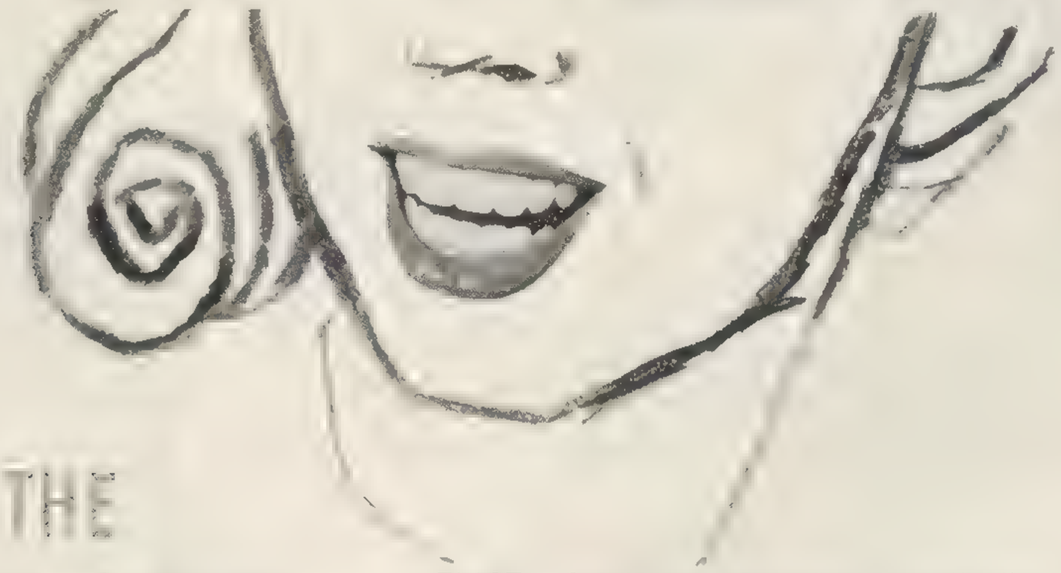


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SWEET-AND-SOUR COOKING

(Continued from page 44)

potato. Pour in the soup, making sure to include a generous serving of the vegetables.

Serve with crusty bread and, unless your guests are ravenous, you have a complete meal. As with all dishes containing vinegar, rather than serving a wine which will sour to the taste, serve a good rich beer.

Of the other sweet-and-sour Russian soups the best known are probably borsch and *schav*. Be sure the soups really are sweet and sour. I have tasted far too many borschs, insipid and improperly seasoned. Borsch should always be a thick, creamy soup. Most soups should be kept at least one day before they are eaten; these soups do not really reach perfection until their second or third day. Often the family has better leftovers than the dinner guests had *spécialités*.

Frequently these soups can take advantage of stock made in the process of cooking other things. You might take the stock left after preparing the tongue in the following recipe and add to it one small head of red cabbage, cut into eighths. Simmer until tender, correct the seasonings, cut in the leftover tongue and boiled potato to make a soup. This will yield something similar to Father's Cabbage Soup, but, because the stock was ready, the soup will be finished in half the time.

SWEET-AND-SOUR TONGUE

3 pounds tongue
1 cup vinegar
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
2 seeds coriander
12 cloves
6 peppercorns
6 very small white onions

Place tongue in a pan barely large enough around to hold it. Add just enough water to cover. Bring to a boil. Skim carefully. Reduce heat and simmer for 1 hour. Add the remaining ingredients. If necessary, add more water, during the cooking, to keep the tongue just under water. Simmer tongue for 2 hours. Remove from stock, trim, and peel. Replace the tongue in the stock to keep warm until ready to serve accompanied by sweet-and-sour red cabbage, or, for a more elegant dinner, by the following sauce.

SOUR-CHERRY SAUCE

1 can sour cherries packed in water
2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup sugar
2 cups stock from tongue
1 tablespoon arrowroot starch

Drain cherries. Melt butter and dissolve sugar in it slowly. Pour on ½ cup of the stock. Heat and add cherries; sprinkle on the arrowroot starch. Blend and add the rest of the stock. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and allow to simmer for at least 10 minutes or long enough for the sauce to thicken slightly. Pour over the thinly sliced tongue. Serve with creamed spinach.

Among the surprising number of people who care, the recipe for stuffed cabbage rolls—called variously *Holishkes*, *Praakes*, *Galuptzi*, *Sarma*, and, in Sweden, *Kaldomär*—is a matter of hot debate. My favourite is from Vienna the heart of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, where all good stuffed-cabbage-roll recipes have had a chance to blend.

STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS

1 pound chopped beef
¼ cup uncooked rice
1 egg
1½ onions, grated and drained
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ground ginger root
Dash of nutmeg
3 ripe tomatoes
12 cabbage leaves
¼ cup cider vinegar
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup rich beef stock, *or*
1 cup beef bouillon with 1 package gelatine dissolved in it
1 tablespoon meat glaze
½ cup raisins
¼ cup Tokay

Combine the beef, rice, egg, and one onion, salt, pepper, ginger and nutmeg. Select large perfect cabbage leaves and pour over them, in a bowl, enough boiling water to cover. Also pour boiling water over the tomatoes. Allow the cabbage to steep while skinning, seeding, and dicing the tomatoes. Drain the cabbage leaves and cut out the stiff centre white part from each. Overlap the cut ends of a leaf and place ½ of the meat mixture in its centre. Roll the cabbage leaf carefully, but not too tightly —the rice will expand. If the roll won't stay together by simply tucking in the edges of the leaf, secure it with a toothpick. Repeat for each leaf. Place the rolls close

(Continued on page 58)



GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY DAWNELLE.

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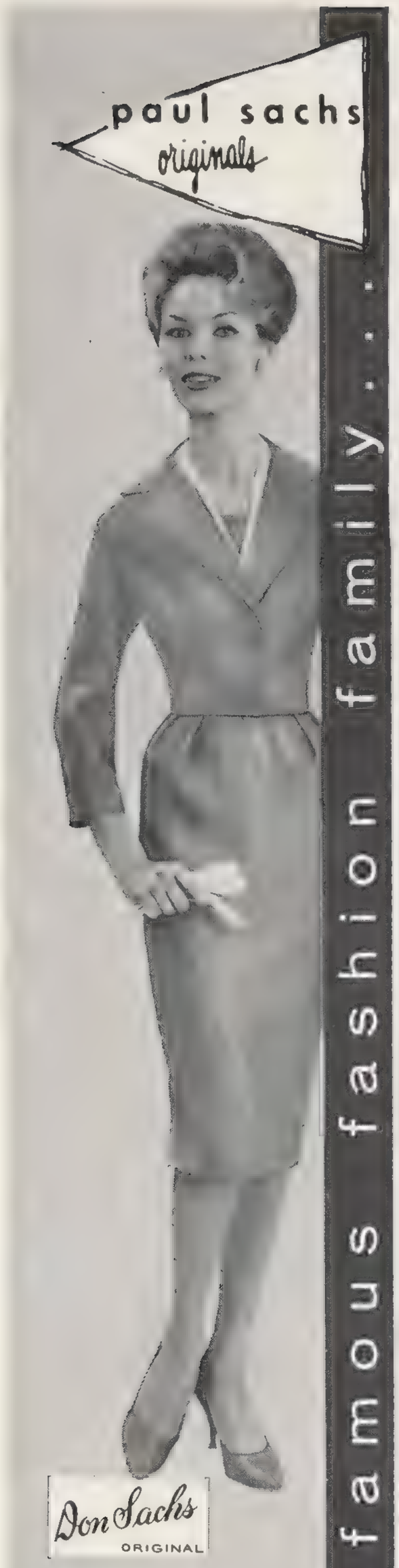
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SWEET-AND-SOUR COOKING

(Continued from page 48)

to each other in a heavy pan. Add just enough of the stock to barely cover the rolls. and all the other ingredients, including the ½ onion, except the raisins and Tokay. Cover tightly and cook over moderate heat for 30 minutes. Reduce heat; check to see if more stock is needed; simmer. Heat oven to 350°F. While the rolls are simmering, soak the raisins in the Tokay. After 20 minutes add the raisins to the meat and, removing the cover from the pan, place it in the oven. Allow to remain there for twenty minutes turning the rolls after 10 minutes so that their bottoms as well as their tops will brown.

If you wish to be unorthodox, but eat well, add ⅓ cup pignoli nuts to the original meat mixture. A pleasant variation is to omit the tomatoes, use more stock, and, at the end of the cooking time, blend the sauce with 2 well-beaten egg yolks and ½ cup of very heavy cream.

The recipes given so far take a great deal of time to prepare. There are, however, sweet-and-sour recipes—especially for vegetables—that take little time. The most frequently served is:

RED CABBAGE, SWEET-AND-SOUR

1 medium-sized head red cabbage
2 tablespoons chicken fat
1 medium onion, sliced
½ quart water
¾ cup red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
6 cloves
6 juniper berries
1 bay leaf
2 or 3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon butter
Juice ½ lemon
1 tablespoon light molasses

Wash the cabbage; remove the bitter white core; shred as for coleslaw. Slice onion as thinly as possible. Heat chicken fat in a large saucepan; sauté onion at low heat until clear. Add water, vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper, cloves, bay leaf, and juniper. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; add cabbage; bring back to a boil; reduce heat to simmer. Cover pan and let simmer for 45 minutes or until tender. Remove from heat and sprinkle just enough flour over the top of the cabbage to absorb the extra liquid. Melt butter, add lemon juice and dissolve molasses in it. Add mixture to cabbage in order to glaze it. Serve very hot with *natur schnitzels*, veal cutlets thin enough to see through, marinated in lemon for ½ hour, and gently simmered in ¼-inch sweet butter for 2 minutes.

Most green vegetables—beans, chopped spinach, Brussels sprouts, broccoli tops—are good mixed with equal parts white vinegar and brown sugar, plus a large blob of sour cream or sweet butter. Slivered almonds on top of the buttered vegetables add *élan* if not an overwhelming improvement in taste.

Sweet-and-sour lentils take a little longer to prepare, but are worth the trouble because no one going from your house will meet this dish again the next day at another house.

SWEET-AND-SOUR LENTILS

1½ cups lentils
1 quart veal or other light stock
1 onion, diced
2 tablespoons chicken fat or butter
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper
Juice of 1 lemon
2 tablespoons sugar

Boil the lentils and the onion in the stock for 45 minutes or until tender. Drain and put the liquid back on to boil. Heat the oven to 350°F. Heat the fat, in a casserole, and add to it the remaining ingredients. Cook for a minute; then add ½ cup of the reduced stock from the lentils. Cook until blended and then add the lentils. Put in the oven and bake for 15 minutes. Sprinkle with paprika and serve. This dish can also be made in advance, except for the baking, and then heated in the oven for 20 minutes.

Most of the dishes so far are more good than soigné; with the last of the vegetable recipes, we turn to sweet-and-sour foods that need not shun the candlelight of the most deliberate dinner.

LEMON-GLAZED CARROTS

1 bunch of the smallest carrots available
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
1½ quarts water
3 tablespoons butter
Juice of 1 ripe lemon, strained

Clean carrots by scraping. Cut in julienne strips: for carrots not as small as they might be, take a *sabatier*, the French knife found in most American stores, and cut

(Continued on page 68)

The Courteena fashions shown on the opposite page are of Royal "O" fabric, an intimate blend of Orlon and viscose.

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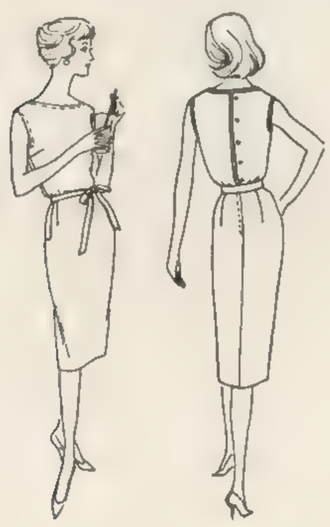
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 114-115)



9692

Vogue Pattern 9692, *upper row*, untrimmed jacket with round neck and below-elbow sleeves; *lower row*, trimmed with soutache braid. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, in wool jersey, 1¼ yds., 54" wide; in silk surah, 1⅝ yds., 45" wide; in silk linen, 1¾ yds., 39" wide. 60c.





9888

Vogue Pattern 9888, *upper row*, sleeveless sheath with seam pockets and tie belt; *lower row*, same sheath with its own oval collared blouse. Sizes 10 to 20. For size 14 (without blouse), in wool jersey, 2 yds., 54" wide are needed; in silk linen, 2¾ yds., 39" wide. 75c.

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MIAMI BEACH	Burdine's
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PENSACOLA	Sam's Shoes
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COVINGTON	White's Dept. Store
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DAWSON	Maloof's
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GRIFFIN	Buster Brown Shoe Store
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MACON	Frank Brooks Shoe Co.
MARIETTA	Saul's Dept. Store
MOULTRIE	Lipsey's
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ROME	Poplin's Central Shoes
SANDERSVILLE	The Shoe Box
SAVANNAH	Asher Shoes
SUMMERVILLE	Lowry's Dept. Store
THOMASTON	Neal Logue Co.
THOMASVILLE	The Shoe Box
TRION	Trion Co. Dept. Store

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BATH	Shepard's Shoe Store

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NEWARK	Hahne Co.
NEW BRUNSWICK	Fields Shoe Store
ORANGE	Sonnenschein's
PARAMUS	Magee's
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PASSAIC	Steckler's
PERTH AMBOY	Slobodian's Shoes
PLAINFIELD	Salem Shoes
SOMERVILLE	Bootery
TRENTON	Fischer's Shoe Store
TRENTON	Lit's
TRENTON	Nevius Voorhees
VERONA	Evenson's
WESTFIELD	Randal Shoes
WOODBRIDGE	Boot Shop
WOODBURY	Sachs Shoes

NEW YORK

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BINGHAMTON	Walter's Shoes
BROOKLYN	Starr Shoe Store
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BUFFALO	Wm. Hengerer Co.
CANANDAIGUA	Shaddock's Shoes
CATSKILL	Boot Shop
CORTLAND	Olds & Fulmer
ELMIRA	Gorton Coy
FRESH MEADOWS	B & B Shoes
FULTON	Seibel's Shoes
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GOUVERNEUR	Carbone Shoe Store
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NEW YORK CITY	Evelyn's Boot Shop
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ROCHESTER	Edward's Dept. Store
ROCHESTER	Schmanke's
SARATOGA SPRINGS	Rowe's Brownbilt Shoe Store
SCHENECTADY	Wallace's
SYRACUSE	Edward's Dept. Store
SYRACUSE	Witherill's
WATERTOWN	Sid Miller Shoes
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NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEBORO	Coffin & Scarboro
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BURLINGTON	Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.
CAMERON VILLAGE	Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.
CHARLOTTE	J. B. Ivey & Company
CLINTON	Powell's Shoes
CONCORD	Ivey's
DURHAM	Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.
FAYETTEVILLE	The Capitol of Fayetteville
FRANKLIN	The Twins Shop
FUQUAY SPRINGS	Ashworth's, Inc.
GOLDSBORO	Parrott's
GREENSBORO	Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.
HIGH POINT	Quality Shoe Store
KINSTON	Brody's
LEAKSVILLE	Allen's Dept. Store
LENOIR	Peterson Shoes
LUMBERTON	Sullivan and Peacock
MONROE	Lee's Shoes

NORTH CAROLINA—Continued

MORGANTON	Krieger's Shoes
RALEIGH	Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.
ROCKY MOUNT	Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.
ROXBORO	The Bootery
SALISBURY	Rowan Shoe Store
SANFORD	Stroud-Hubbard
SHELBY	Frazier's Shoes
STATESVILLE	Long's Shoes
STONEVILLE	Allen's Dept. Store
WILMINGTON	Cinderella Booterie
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WINSTON-SALEM	Stanley's Thruway Shop, Inc.

PENNSYLVANIA

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ALLENTOWN	Wetherhold & Metzger
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HATBORO	Santerian's Dept. Store
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SUMTER	White & Kennedy, Inc.
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WALTERBORO	Warshaw's

VERMONT

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BENNINGTON	Dragon's Shoe Store
BURLINGTON	Jan's Famous Shoes
MONTPELIER	City Boot Shop
ST. JOHNSBURY	Dean's Shoe Store

VIRGINIA

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BRISTOL	Burrough's Shoe Store
FALLS CHURCH	Alma Shop
HAMPTON	Oser Bros.
LYNCHBURG	Leggetts Dept. Store
MARTINSVILLE	McCollum-Ferrell
NEWPORT NEWS	Oser Bros.
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ROANOKE	Bush-Flora Shoe Co.
SHIRLINGTON	Lansburgh's
SOUTH BOSTON	Leggetts Dept. Store
WARRENTON	Lerner's Dept. Store
WAYNESBORO	Leggett's Dept. Store

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BECKLEY	Hub & Vogue
CHARLESTON	Stone & Thomas
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FAIRMONT	Martin's Booterie
HINTON	Don Array Shop
HUNTINGTON	Frank's Shoe Store
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SWEET-AND-SOUR COOKING

(Continued from page 58)

the carrots lengthwise into eighths; then cut them into 2-inch lengths. Bring the water, ¼ cup sugar, and salt to a boil; add the carrots and boil for about 5 minutes or until barely tender. Drain. Melt the butter and remaining sugar; add lemon juice. Then add the carrots and mix carefully over heat for several minutes, until well glazed. While the preparation of these carrots takes longer than usual, the cooking time is brief and the carrots, especially sprinkled with freshly chopped parsley, are important enough to make company lunch out of the simplest scrambled eggs (try these with sour cream instead of milk).

The next dish deserves to be served for its beauty alone, for it comes to the table white, pink, orange, yellow, and red, like a Provençal garden.

GARDEN OF SHRIMP

2 pounds small raw shrimp
3 cloves garlic
Handful of celery tops
Large sprig dill, washed well
1 bay leaf
12 peppercorns
2 medium onions
6 cloves
Juice of 1 lemon
1¼ cups white wine
Rice
Additional white wine
2 tablespoons salt
1 cup orange juice, strained
½ cup Grand Marnier
½ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons arrowroot starch
4 tablespoons finely chopped lemon peel
2 tablespoons sugar
2 canned pimientos

Make a court bouillon by boiling together for 15 minutes the garlic, celery tops, dill, bay leaf, peppercorns, onions (quartered), cloves, lemon juice, ½ cup white wine, and enough water to cover the shrimp. Add the shrimp and boil just until fully pink. Drain the shrimp, preserving and carefully straining the bouillon. While peeling and thoroughly cleaning the shrimp, take 2 cups of the stock and reduce to 1 cup by boiling briskly. When the shrimp are cleaned and you have your cup of reduced stock, put them to one side and start the liquid for your rice, composing it of all the leftover bouillon and water and some additional wine in a 1 to 1 proportion, using 3 times as much liquid as rice. When the liquid is boiling briskly, add the salt, and then, gradually, so the liquid never stops boiling, the rice. You may now start your sauce. Melt the butter and stir in the flour; add, slowly, the reduced court bouillon. When these are well blended add the orange and lemon juices, Grand Marnier, ¾ cup white wine, lemon peel, and sugar. After a moment sprinkle on the arrowroot starch and mix. The sauce will thicken fairly quickly. When it lingers on the spoon, rather than running off it, add the shrimp and reduce flame to very low. Your rice should now be ready. Drain and wash well in hot water. Arrange in a ring on a large platter. Turn the shrimp and sauce into the middle of the ring. Extra sauce may be served separately. A crystal bowl will show the oranges and yellows of the sauce. Trim the platter by slicing the pimientos in thin strips and making a design with them on the white rice.

Most meals and cooking articles end with desserts, the domain in which sweet-and-sour recipes have the oldest culinary record. Dumas's famous dictionary defines "Aceto-Dolce: fruits and pieces of vegetables pickled in vinegar, with new wine cooked down to the consistency of syrup added afterward." If you want to make it, substitute for the unavailable new wine a considerable quantity of honey added to white wine.

A more probable dessert for most menus, Lemon Bavarian Cream, is also quickly prepared.

LEMON BAVARIAN CREAM

½ cup milk
1 packet gelatine
1 egg
½ cup plus 1 tablespoon sugar
½ pint heavy cream, one day old
½ cup lemon juice, strained

Sprinkle milk with gelatine. Beat egg and sugar until fluffy in the top of a double boiler. Place over hot water and add milk and gelatine, making sure to scrape last of gelatine into the pot. Over low heat, stir mixture continuously until it becomes a heavy custard, thickly coating the spoon. Pour into a medium-sized aluminum bowl and place in a bowl of ice to which a little water has been add-

(Continued on page 71)

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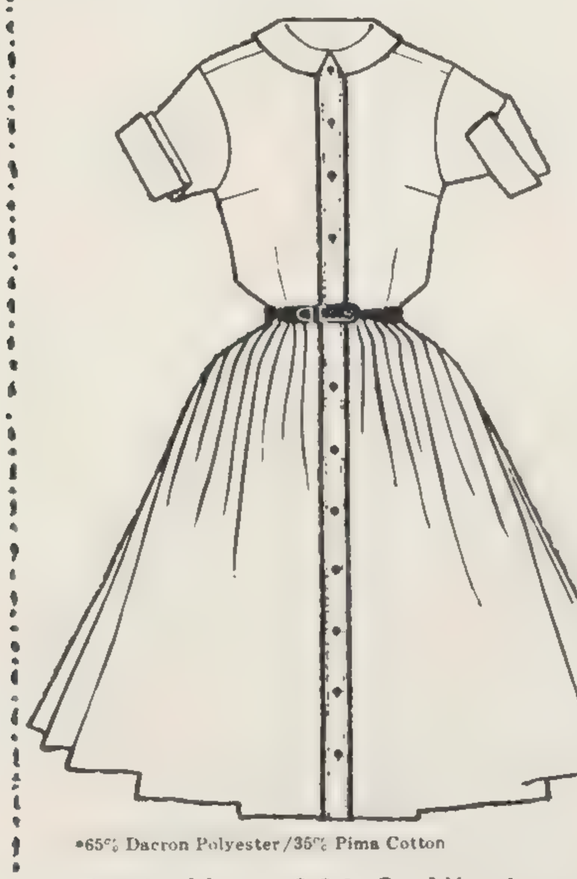


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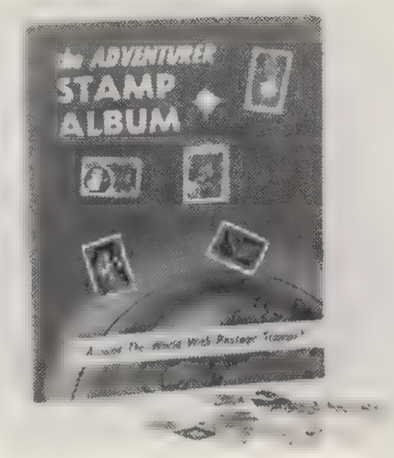
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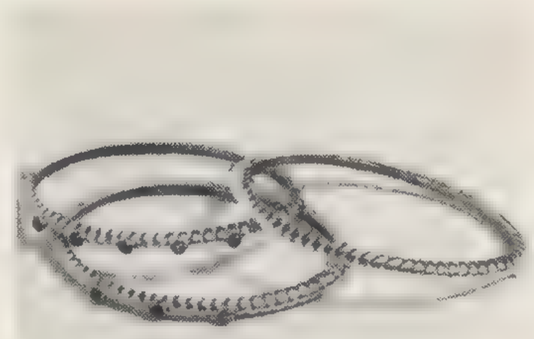
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... mid-February brief



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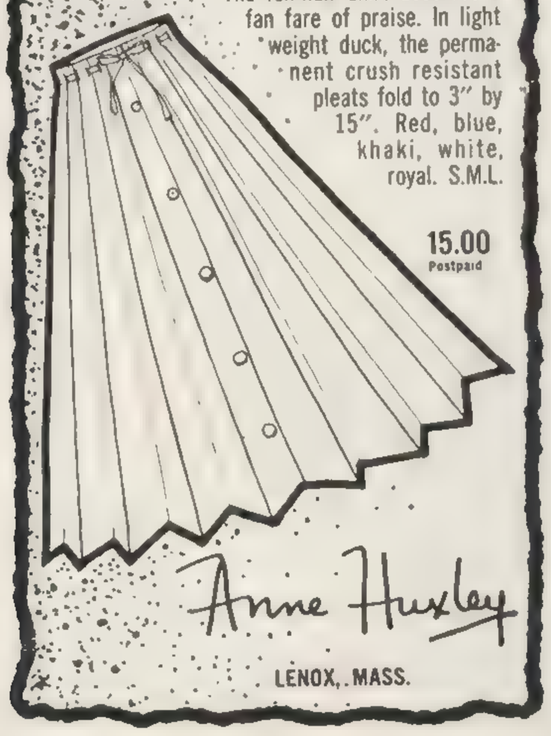


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(Continued from page 68)

ed. Beat the cream until stiff; occasionally stir the custard. When the cream is whipped, the custard should be quite stiff—do not permit to actually jell. Remove from ice and, with a wire whisk. beat the lemon juice in gradually, a few drops at a time. After all the lemon juice has been added, return to ice, beating continually. When the custard is again quite thick, remove it from the ice and fold in the whipped cream, making sure to blend in all the custard. Rinse out a melon mould in ice water and place cream in it. Place in refrigerator. It will not take more than ½ hour to set, but may be kept for a whole day before serving. Unmould by dipping briefly in hot water. Serve, if possible, surrounded by fresh raspberries.

The last recipe is an eighteenth-century period piece, a family recipe of the Actons, printed in an enormously popular (at least twelve editions) cookery.

STRAWBERRY VINEGAR, OF DELICIOUS FLAVOUR

"Take the stalks from the fruit, which should be of a highly flavoured sort, quite ripe, fresh from the beds, and gathered in dry weather; weigh and put it into large glass jars, or wide-necked bottles, and to each pound pour about a pint and a half of fine pale white vinegar, which will answer the purpose better than the entirely colourless kind sold under the name of *distilled vinegar,* but which is, we believe, the pyroligneous acid greatly diluted. Tie a thick paper over them, and let the strawberries remain from three to four days; then pour off the vinegar and empty them into a jelly-bag, or suspend them in a cloth, that all the liquid may drop from them without pressure; replace them with an equal weight of fresh fruit, pour the vinegar upon it, and three days afterwards repeat the same process, diminishing a little the proportion of strawberries, of which the flavour ought ultimately to overpower that of the vinegar.

"In from two to four days drain off the liquid very closely, and after having strained it through a linen or a flannel bag, weigh it, and mix with it an equal quantity of highly-refined sugar roughly powdered; when this is nearly dissolved, stir the syrup over a very clear fire until it has boiled 5 minutes, and skim it *thoroughly;* pour it into a delicately clean stone pitcher, or into large china jugs, throw a folded cloth over and let it remain until the morrow; put it into pint or half-pint bottles, and cork them lightly with new velvet corks; for if these be pressed in tightly at first, the bottles will be liable to burst: in four or five days they may be closely corked, and stored in a dry and cool place. Damp destroys the colour and injures the flavour of these fine fruit-vinegars; of which a spoonful or two in a glass of water affords so agreeable a summer beverage, and one which, in many cases of illness, is so acceptable to invalids. They make also most admirable sauces for Her Majesty's pudding, common custard, batter, and various other simple and sweet light puddings.

"Strawberries (stalked), 4 lbs.; vinegar, 3 quarts: three to four days. Vinegar drained and poured on fresh strawberries, 4 lbs.: three days. Drained again on to fresh fruit, 3 to 4 lbs.: two to four days. To each pound of the vinegar, 1 lb. of highly-refined sugar: boiled 5 minutes. *Lightly* corked, four or five days.

"Obs.—Where there is a garden the fruit may be thrown into the vinegar as it ripens, within an interval of forty-eight hours, instead of being all put to infuse at once, and it must then remain in it a proportionate time: one or two days in addition to that specified will make no difference to the preparation. The enamelled German stewpans are the best possible vessels to boil it in; but it may be simmered in a stone jar set into a pan of boiling water, when there is nothing more appropriate at hand; though the syrup does not usually keep so well when this last method is adopted.

"Raspberries and strawberries mixed will make a vinegar of very pleasant flavour; black currants also will afford an exceedingly useful syrup of the same kind."

I am assured that these vinegars were drunk happily by the healthy as well as by the invalided.

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VOGUE

FEBRUARY 15, 1960

KAREN RADKAI



Vogue's-eye view of a new hat in the ring

What makes fashion much more than spinach is a delightfully impudent way of changing its mind at the drop of an idea. For instance, now in a year of big romancey hats, suddenly there's also this kind of toy hat—six and a half inches across at its widest point. Here it's minutely winged; others are jots of silk or flowers. Are they here to outshine big hats? No. Are big hats here to blot them out of the fashion landscape? No again. What the midget hat can do is this (and do it sublimely): it can put the woman who never wears hats in a frame of mind she never knew existed. More on other sides of the hat question on the next eight pages. This hat, black straw and velvet, toy in size, but telling in line; by Chanda. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.





The truth about the hat situation

The truth about hats is: like diamonds, they're not among the necessities of life, but are among the tonic pleasures, and they add a tremendous charge of dazzle. In another generation, we heard "you're not *dressed* if you don't wear a hat," but the obvious truth is that many smart women are now beautifully, though hatlessly, dressed, wearing marvellous hair as a substitute. What we are getting at is this: hats are golden chances for a chic woman to acquire extra chic. This year, designers are coming up with a special surge of hat excitement—spectacular bulky shapes, or tiny toy hats, in featherweight substances of straw, organdie, silk, with results ravishing enough to tempt even the most diehard of the no-hat cult. About no-hattism: we have often found this to be simply the fact that, as the lovelorn columns say, the *right* one hasn't come along (this, a corollary of the principle that you can't marry a millionaire unless you first meet one). Our advice to the hatlorn is to keep trying; each fresh batch of hats holds fresh chances to look wonderful. While we don't say the unhatted head is out, we do say the inconsequentially hatted head is a wasted opportunity with so much dashingness around now for the picking; if a woman wears a hat, she should wear a HAT, not a half-hearted compromise. Big? Not necessarily, but enchanting certainly. Starting here, eight examples of new hat enchantment—a floppy-brimmed cloche, opposite, followed by an organdie meringue, a wide tweedable straw Breton, a paper-bag beret of striped taffeta, and a line-up of fezzy shapes that are high, not wide, handsome. These to see and ponder on the next six pages.

The deep-plot cloche, *opposite page,* with two kinds of depths to dig—the stove-pipe crown, the floppy, flappery brim that casts on a face the shadow of intrigue. This, soft braid made of flax in natural flaxen colour, and black-tied in satin; a smashing hat-look for town now with an elegant, but uncompetitive, suit. By Mr. John; at Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI







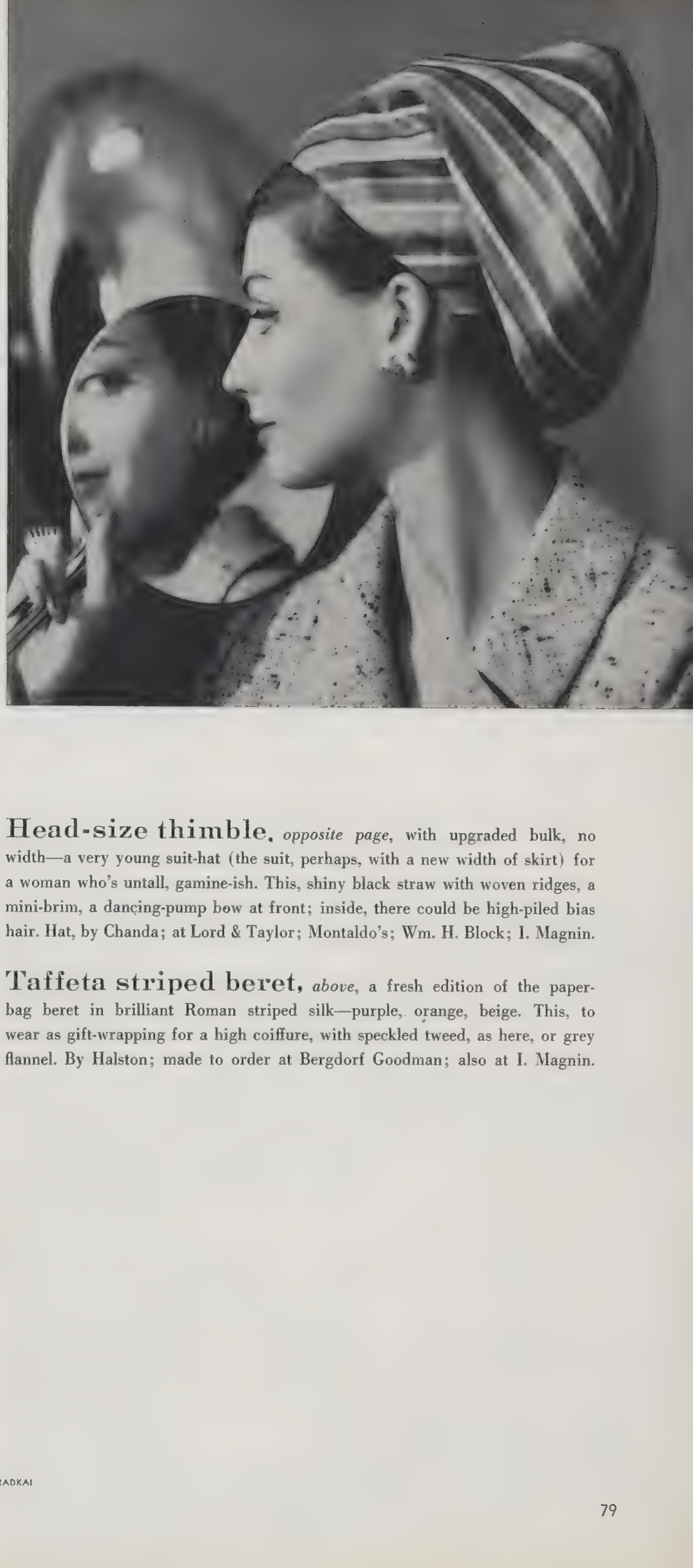
Meringue shell, *opposite,* a fragile largesse of white dotted Swiss organdie with band and bow of narrow black ribbon—its romantic fragility a delightful paradox now with, perhaps, a slimly-tailored grey flannel suit. Desirable props for this hat: some tallness, a swan-ish neck, a beautiful face. Also, a word, here, about sub-hat hair—new coiffures with their smoothness at front and sides, some upness at the crown, can ride safely under most of these hats since they (the hats) follow about the same lines. (The hair news in our January 15 issue could be re-viewed now from a hatty standpoint.) Organdie hat by Lilly Daché; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

Straw saucer, rosé, *above,* another romantic attachment to wear as a surprise for a tweed suit in a deep charcoal-y colour. This, in blue ballibuntl straw, with an upped crown of black velvet, a pink rosebud at the brim's edge. By Tatiana of Saks Fifth Avenue.

KAREN RADKAI







Head-size thimble, *opposite page,* with upgraded bulk, no width—a very young suit-hat (the suit, perhaps, with a new width of skirt) for a woman who's untall, gamine-ish. This, shiny black straw with woven ridges, a mini-brim, a dancing-pump bow at front; inside, there could be high-piled bias hair. Hat, by Chanda; at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin.

Taffeta striped beret, *above,* a fresh edition of the paper-bag beret in brilliant Roman striped silk—purple, orange, beige. This, to wear as gift-wrapping for a high coiffure, with speckled tweed, as here, or grey flannel. By Halston; made to order at Bergdorf Goodman; also at I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI





Fez fare...in felt, *opposite page,* with a new head-on approach to flowers—a spray of tulips stemming from box pleats at the front. Everything: white (well, a few green stripes and leaves on the tulips). Miss Denise Lawson-Johnston wears it here as a lift for a pale tweed suit. Hat by Sally Victor; at Nan Duskin; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.

...in straw, *above,* natural, and appliquéd with navy-blue straw braid to form a pseudo-plaidness. These colours? Marvellous with other navy blues, blacks. By Christian Dior-New York; at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin.

...in plaid silk, *left,* this, really a cloche with fezzy crown, sashed and tied over the side-splitting brim. Colourings of this: blue, yellow, white—a smashing spectrum with a suit of navy blue, black, charcoal. Hat by Irene of New York, of silk shantung; at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres.

© KAREN RADKAI





The brief hat, weightless dress



A joint fashion venture in black, white, and grey makes a point about bulklessness. *Left:* Scaled-down size, a little hat of black velvet nuzzled against peaky, starched white organdie. To wear with new beehive coiffures or hair cut short and swept up. By Adolfo of Emme. Also Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Attuned to black-and-white: Flame Poppy Flowing Velvet lipstick by Jacqueline Cochran. *Right:* Scaled-down weight, a dress with jet age personality, so light it's practically disembodied. It takes about as much suitcase space as a slip, travels with as little fuss. By Adele Simpson in Pierre Godart silk jersey; about $145. Marvella pearl beads. Both at Altman's. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.


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TANTE

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The South American visit by President Eisenhower. . . . The book, *The Invisible Presidency* by Louis W. Koenig who has amassed a fascinating heap of information about the men about presidents, from Alexander Hamilton to Sherman Adams, all of it written in a style that has the effect of a fingernail scratching a window pane. . . . The sweeping machine, like a lawn mower for asphalt, that cleans the court outside the Seagram Building during lunchtime. . . . The boy who comforted John U. Monro, Dean of Harvard College, who had told the Freshman class that he saw no reason to think that the rest of this century would be better than the first sixty years, by saying, "Dean, take it from me. Just don't worry. Things are going to be all right."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Andersonville Trial* by Saul Levitt whose reasonably effective play gets a furious blast of overacting both by George C. Scott who seems more psychotic than is expected from a Colonel at a military trial, and by Herbert Berghof as the screaming, clutching defendant. . . . The new French name in ballet, Maurice Béjart, a strong, dark-haired dancer and choreographer, whose work shows no past influences. . . . *An Illustrated History of Music*, a Bernier book written by Marc Pincherle with dull authority, its dullness offset by the beauty of the rich and, often, rarely seen illustrations, some in colour. . . . The night three tenors, each with a cold, sang Tristan at the Metropolitan Opera: "Dristan and Isolde."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the book, *Le Guépard*, by Prince Giuseppe de Lampedusa, who wrote this extraordinary book, his first, about Sicily at the time of Garibaldi, and then died. . . . The pleasure that children take in learning to tell time by the stars, perhaps using those double globes that have transparent earths spinning within star-traced transparent heavens. . . . *Our Man in Havana*, Sir Carol Reed's movie of the Graham Greene smooth spoofery of the British Secret Service, with Noel Coward particularly good, still clipped, still marvellously deliberate, but unable to prevent Ernie Kovacs from stealing the picture from Sir Alec Guinness and Sir Ralph Richardson. . . . The lingering sweet smell of *hinoki* wood in the offices of the Japan Society in New York's new Asia House.

DAVID MERRICK, a soft-spoken. good-looking. stage-struck, enterprising, single-minded, aggressive, rattrap-minded lawyer from St. Louis, is the most successful producer on Broadway. Since 1954, eleven of his thirteen productions have been hits, grossing about $25,000,000 with a profit of about $8,000,000. Now, he has four musicals on—*Take Me Along*, *Destry Rides Again*, *Gypsy*, and *La Plume de Ma Tante*—with a take of about $225,000 a week, plus *The Good Soup*, playing in Philadelphia. (Next season he plans at least eight shows, but there might be more; one of the eight press agents on his payroll said a month ago, "That's all since I talked to him yesterday.") In 1940, after settling an oil land case, he received a big legal fee, left St. Louis for New York, soon went to work as a utility infielder in the office of the Broadway producer, Herman Shumlin. By 1954 he felt he knew enough of the intricacies of the business to buy the "Marius" stories from Marcel Pagnol, get Harold Rome to do the score and lyrics, persuade Joshua Logan to direct, and get Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak as the stars of a production called *Fanny*. It had mixed notices, which on Broadway is a euphemism for one reasonably good review out of a bunch of slams. Audiences, however, liked it enough for him to throw on high speed exploitation, and when the show closed over two years later, it had made a million dollars. In the course of natural stimulation, Merrick secretly had a nude statue of the show's Turkish belly dancer put up in the Poets Corner of Central Park, and then had his stooges complain to the Mayor's office. Many of the country's newspapers ran the story and *Life* used a photograph. In time he courageously put on *The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder, three John Osborne plays, *Look Back in Anger*, *The Entertainer* with Sir Laurence Olivier, and *Epitaph for George Dillon* (this was one of two Merrick failures). In explaining that he extracts the last value out of the material, he sometimes speaks of himself in the third person to playwrights: "Merrick will get you more mileage." Generous with terms, he has said: "writers like money."

"The Best of

These short, sharp, and special tastes from six new books have one denominator in common. Although each, of course, delights in style, that is not the major merit of their books; all the writers are thinkers. Garrett Mattingly wrote on history, Father Teilhard on a paleontologist's philosophy. Joyce Cary on Cockney children, Elizabeth Bowen on Rome, Donald Keene on Japan, and Van Wyck Brooks on William Dean Howells.

Unlike those books of fast tourist impressions by writers who stayed barely long enough to unpack,* Living Japan *by Donald Keene, Associate Professor of Japanese at Columbia University, is a simple, scholarly, and fascinating exploration of a place Mr. Keene knows a good deal about.* Living Japan, *illuminated by extraordinarily good photographs and published by Doubleday, includes the author's informed reflections upon, among other things, the relative success of democracy in Japan, compared to its failure in some other Asian countries.

Japanese frugality is traditionally balanced by a love of extravagance. The Kyoto man, otherwise so parsimonious, will wear luxurious clothes, and the calculating Osaka businessman is apt to be an epicure. Such extravagances are not frowned on because of the old habit of considering the year to be divided into ordinary (*ke*) and special (*hare*) days. Most of these "special" days, even those now observed in the most secular manner, originally had religious significance. Because they tended to coincide with the blossoming of the peach trees or some other pleasant event in nature, they afforded the Japanese the occasion to break the monotony of their ordinary lives with cheerful and even reckless merrymaking. For centuries the rulers of Japan tried to curb this inclination towards extravagance among the commoners, but always without success. What developed instead was an ability to conceal one's indulgence in luxury behind a façade of austere simplicity. The plain black outer coat (*haori*) of a Japanese gentleman may be lined with brocade worked in gold thread, and a woman's under kimono, all but invisible save at the neck line, may be a miracle of dyeing. Again, the hut where the tea ceremony is performed may seem at first glance to be the simplest possible structure, devoid of any suggestion of pretense or luxury. Yet such a hut usually costs more to build than a mansion, for every detail is exquisitely finished. The vertical beam by the *tokonoma*, for example, may appear to be just another twisted tree trunk, but connoisseurs will recognize it as a wood of the greatest rarity. The implements used in the tea ceremony are also deceptively unassuming: a bamboo whisk one might buy for a few cents, a rusty old kettle, some cups of unfinished pottery, a little canister for the tea. Each one of these, however, may be worth a fortune if it has the right pedigree.

Whatever form it may take, the importance of extravagance is almost universally recognized. Nobody praises the prudent parents who economize with their daughter's wedding, nor the children who are thrifty when arranging their parents' funerals. Nor does a guest appreciate it if, when he comes to dinner, he is treated as "one of the family" and given ordinary fare. The difference between "special" and "ordinary" is probably nowhere more conspicuous than in Japan, and the promise of some future "special" dinner is what keeps people going through innumerable insipid meals of "ordinary" food. Sometimes frugality and extravagance go hand in hand. In a city like Tokyo office workers generally buy a bowl of noodles at fifty yen for their lunch, and then go next door for a cup of coffee at sixty yen. The noodles contain the nutrition, but the luxury of coffee gives them their savour.

Extravagance, at whatever level he can manage, makes the life of a Japanese more cheerful than tables of per capita income might show. A Japanese whose income is the same as a European worker's will live much more poorly during most days of the month, eating a monotonous diet and wearing the same clothes every day, but once or twice, or more often if he can, he enjoys the pleasures of luxury, spending money which a European worker would prefer to distribute over the whole month. At the other end of the scale, a rich Japanese usually lives in a house which is very modest by Western standards, but if he goes to a restaurant or geisha house, it represents an extravagance few Westerners are willing to undertake. In either case the Japanese is content with less on ordinary days for the pleasure of the "special" days of celebration.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, a notable French scientist who died in 1955, had as his major concern the linkage of the physical world with the spiritual, set it down in* The Phenomenon of Man, *recently published by Harper. A great Jesuit and paleontologist who lived for years in China where he was deeply involved in the finding of Pekin Man.

Man came silently into the world.

For a century or so, the scientific problem of the origin of man has been under discussion, and a swelling team of research workers has been digging feverishly into the past

the Best" QUICK TASTES OF THE NEW BOOKS

to discover the initial point of hominisation, and yet I cannot find a more expressive formula than this to sum up all our prehistoric knowledge. The more we find of fossil human remains and the better we understand their anatomic features and their succession in geological time, the more evident it becomes, by an unceasing convergence of all signs and proofs, that the human "species," however unique the position among entities that reflection gave it, did not, at the moment of its advent, make any sweeping change in nature. . . .

Between the last strata of the Pliocene age, in which man is absent, and the next, in which the geologist is dumbfounded to find the first chipped flints, what has happened? And what is the true measure of this leap? . . .

Man came silently into the world. As a matter of fact he trod so softly that, when we first catch sight of him as revealed by those indestructible stone instruments, we find him sprawling all over the old world from the Cape of Good Hope to Peking. Without doubt he already speaks and lives in groups; he already makes fire. After all, this is surely what we ought to expect. As we know, each time a new living form rises up before us out of the depths of history, it is always complete and already legion.

. . . to encourage our patience let us recall . . . that on every hypothesis, however solitary his advent, man emerged from a general groping of the world. He was born a direct lineal descendant from a total effort of life, so that the species has an axial value and a pre-eminent dignity. At bottom, to satisfy our intelligence and the requirements of our conduct, we have no need to know more than this.

Joyce Cary who wrote those joyous novels about Gulley Jimson*, The Horse's Mouth, To Be a Pilgrim, *and* Herself Surprised, *wrote a picaresque, gay, and rather profound novel*, Charley is my Darling, *about Cockney children evacuated to the West Country during World War II. Although published in England in 1940, it has only just been published in this country by Harper. With his great knowledge of children, their meannesses, their incalculable logic, somewhat like that of mad people, Cary had a happy time with fifteen-year-old Charley Brown, part victim, part leader, uprooted from a slum and replanted at The Cedars where he lived with Lina Allchin and, during the holidays with her nephew, Brander.

Lina lectured her nephew about his social duty as a host, but Brander, at twelve, was indifferent to class distinction. He knew Charley simply as an individual, another boy, who threatened to spoil the two chief pleasures of his holiday from school, solitary walks across country and reading, and he therefore detested him. Charley, on his side, though wary of Brander, was always attracted by him. He was curious about him, as about a foreigner. He was interested by his queer habits, his learning, his strange relation to his aunt, whom he treated with formal politeness and open contempt. When Lina made any remark at table about the weather, the war, about anything at all, Brander would wrinkle his nose as if someone had hurt him and cry out in an angry, sorrowful tone: "But, Aunty, you've got it all *wrong*. Strategy is what happens before a battle, and tactics is what happens in a battle."

"It doesn't matter so long as Charley knows what I mean."

"But it *does* matter. If you don't get the words right you can't think right." His high treble voice, as it rose towards the word think, seemed full of tears, and once he said not to Charley but to the air in Charley's presence: "Women are really *perfectly* useless."

Garrett Mattingly who has a remarkably eloquent vocabulary about ships and queens and dukes and kings, puts them all together in his book,* The Armada, *published by Houghton Mifflin. The ships are both English and Spanish, the Queen is Elizabeth I, the Duke is the Duke of Parma and the King is Philip II of Spain. Here, two passages from the book; the first about Elizabeth, the second about the campaign. Note: the next naval battle with "so many fresh and incalculable factors" was The Battle of Midway in the Pacific, June, 1942, in which the opposing ships never sighted one another; that decisive battle was fought and won by American Naval aircraft from carriers against the Japanese. That method was as fresh as the methods that worked in the English Channel in 1588 against the Armada of which Mattingly wrote, "Fleets like these were a new thing in the world . . . that morning off the Eddystone, nobody in either fleet knew how to fight a 'modern' battle. Nobody in the world knew how."

To suppress an unpleasant argument and arrange to have it refuted, to hold out one hand in friendship and keep a sword in the other, to follow at the same time two apparently irreconcilable lines of policy and play two contradictory roles with such histrionic gusto that even old friends never quite knew earnest from acting, this was how, by choice or by what she thought necessity, Elizabeth I regularly played the game of high politics. Even in the thirtieth year of her reign, when the queen's ambiguities cannot have been altogether unexpected, they continued to confuse not only her enemies but her servants and advisors. People were puzzled at the time, and many have been puzzled ever since by her behavior in that anxious winter while England expected the shock of the great Armada. . . .

Wisdom after the event is easy, but in the spring of 1588 none of the naval experts on either side foresaw much of what was to come. The size of the forces involved and the nature of their armament were unprecedented. No naval campaign in previous history, and none afterward until the advent of the aircraft carrier, involved so many fresh and incalculable factors. . . . *(Continued on page 152)*



FASHION NATURALS U.S.A.

12 new ways to lead the sweater-life

Like all great fashion naturals, sweaters are always with us—but never in quite the same way. Which is precisely the kind of sensitive timing that makes a fashion natural. And makes it great. Here—with news knitted in, or added by wearer—a dozen ways to lead the long, happy sweater-life in terms of February 15, 1960.

1. Two quick ways for a resident shirt-sweater to live the newer shirt-life: a pair of gold pins or jewelled pins, pinned where shirt buttons usually button. **2.** Point is, though it still holds the shirt-franchise, the next shirt-sweater in your life will look measurably less shirty than its predecessors; might have—does, at left—new length, waistiness drawn by a cashmere sash; or it might, like the sweater on page 93, have the prettiest flattery of collar since chiffon took up the shirt-cause. **3.** Knotted over narrow silk pants, as on page 91, the simplest cashmere cardigan has, instantly, a whole new at-home life cut out for itself. (Anticipating a general rise of eyebrows all around, Vogue's editor in charge of knotting cashmere cardigans points out reassuringly: "Cashmere is iron.") **4.** If you haven't plumbed the little-evening potential of sweaters, you've been missing some of cashmere's finest hours. One possibility: black cashmere cardigan, tucked into a fullish black silk twill skirt; topmost cardigan buttons opened to a flood of pearls; waist cinched with zebra stripes. **5.** Belted—the sweater that isn't hasn't lived. Could be leather, notched in sharply. Or a rather languid self-sashing, as at left. Could be the printed tie of a beige-and-brown silk dress, knotted over a longish beige cardigan. **6.** Life can be more beautiful for turtle necks—inside a low-buttoned shirt of the Brooks-persuasion; both parts plunged deeply into something divinely tweedy. **7.** Pleasant country scene for a buttonless suit-jacket to open on: the buttons of a thin-belted dress-cardigan—as flat and silky as the one reported in these pages several issues ago. **8.** One of the newest cardigans around (around on page 90) doesn't have a working button to its name. Does have extra inches, blazer-bindings, and the splendid blazer-knack of nudging separates into the look category. **9.** This ought to be the year you toss out previously held colour-notions about sweaters. They're really not committed to match any other colour you're wearing; are far more interesting when they don't. For a start, you might try breaking up the beige-sweater-skirt act. A skirt of cranberry-tweed will do charming things for the beige sweater. For the beige skirt: a lemony yellow shirt-sweater. **10.** That famous separates stand-by—a set of sweaters and pleated skirt—seems, suddenly, quite glamourous when the life-blood is a crash of colour. Not a screeching-of-brakes kind of crash, but this sort of amiable near-miss: beige cardigan, coffee-brown skirt, palest persimmon pull-over. **11.** Cowl collars look fresh and deliciously feminine spilling over cardigan necklines. **12.** What else goes on in cardigan sweater-life, in fact, is one of the fascinating fashion developments in 1960. Sub-cardigan on page 92, for example: an enormous silk scarf, tied once around the waist, tied loosely around the neck. And one delectable property that a simple long-sleeved black pull-over might lay claim to is a zebra-striped chiffon scarf, thrust in the neckline and moored with a single stupendous pin; the scarf-ends, floating.

The next sweater-shirt: longer, sashed, degrees less shirty than we've seen it before (and, by that token, degrees more susceptible to a life of jewels, evening skirts, long silk culottes). This, pale-green cashmere, shown here over daily beige pleats. Sweater, about $35; the wool flannel skirt of Anglo fabric, about $30. Both, by Dalton; gilt bracelets. All at Bonwit Teller. The sweater and skirt at I. Magnin.

SCHATZBERG



FASHION NATURALS:

new guide to cardigan living

Left: Cashmere forethought, designed with the new bateau dresses and roll-top cowl collars in mind. It's tan, Chanel-ish, white-bound and brass-buttoned, and it's worn over white crêpe. By Hadley, about $75. Scarsi sweaters. Both at Bergdorf Goodman; sweater also Hanrahan's; I. Magnin. *Right:* The classic cardigan, looking better than ever, tied skimpily over pants, tapered pants and a skirt that sets it counter "from-him" look from the way it's worn—backwards. Sand-beige cashmere sweater by Bernard Altman, about $25. The leopard "look-at-me" pants by Sabrina, U. S. A. of Skirmish skirt, about $20. Low shoe pants about $25. All: Emporium; I. S. Avres; Sakowitz



FASHION NATURALS:

the blazer and shirt life for sweaters

Left: This spring's cardigan—a blazer in a telling new depth of beige; it's underwritten here by one of the new shirt substitutes—a blouse-behaving scarf, brilliantly printed. Braemar cashmere sweater, about $36; Evan-Picone wool flannel skirt, about $25; scarf by Vera. Starfish pin. All, Peck & Peck; sweater and skirt: Roos-Atkins. *Right:* 1960's separate-looking separates, incorporating hot colour news—yellow, its brightest possible shade. Pringle's pale-green cashmere shirt, about $50. Gabardine skirt by Ellen Brooks, of Pelion Arnel-and-cotton fabric, about $45. At Bonwit Teller. Lily Aspen Dupuy's Both outfits are by the Walter Powell Salon; and for details about the guesswork upon Suzy's head see—turn to page 148

SCHATZBERG





PENN

ME, a member of the Académie Française?

BY MARCEL ACHARD

I am still amazed by the fact that I belong to the Académie Française. I share the feelings of Marcel Pagnol, who said in his official welcome: "My pleasure in greeting you under this dome is equalled only by my surprise that you should be here." And you will easily understand why.

The French Academy has forty members, and there are forty-four million people in France. This means that I was chosen over one million one hundred thousand of my fellows. Since the Academy is supposedly a repository of wit and wisdom, I am assured that only thirty-nine other men possess these qualities in the same degree as myself. And as there are presently three vacant seats, this number is reduced to thirty-six.

You may well ask: "What advantage is there in belonging to the Academy?" We are called "the immortals," but this immortality, like annuity insurance, is limited to our life span. The only privilege of which *(Continued on next page)*

ACHARD'S ACADÉMIE SWORD: MEANING TO THE HILT In the tradition of some six hundred "elected immortals" before him, Marcel Achard, the French playwright, carried this sword when he was received last December into the Académie Française, the august group that has been called "the best club in Paris." The sword celebrates seven of Achard's most famous plays: at the top, enamel clown's ball for *Voulez-vous jouer avec moâ?;* diamond potato plant blossom for *Patate,* Achard's long-run hit; gold half-moon handle, with a moonstone teardrop, and an emerald eye (in recognition of Mme. Achard's green ones) for *Jean de la Lune;* gold pirate's flag with silver skull and crossbones for *Le Corsaire;* gold-roped silver drum for *Malborough s'en va-t-en guerre!;* gold music scroll with black enamel notes, *Auprès de ma blonde;* ivory and gold domino, which serves as a *bouton* to attach sword to belt, for *Domino.* (Unseen here, the dolphin on the sheath's tip; Achard is from Lyon in the Dauphiné province.) The Académie has as its chief duty the preparation of an official French dictionary, a slow process, which, when finished, is started all over again; the ninth edition, now at letter "c," has been underway for twenty-seven years. No more than forty lifetime members strong at its strongest, the Académie, on the death of one member, requires his prospective replacement to declare candidacy, be acceptable to the French chief of state, "of good morals, of good reputation, of sound mind, and suited to the Académie's functions," and, particularly, to make a formal call on each of the members. In over three centuries an exalted collection of writers, scientists, diplomats, ecclesiastics, and military men have made the grade, but no actors, no women. (The sword, mostly gold and lapis lazuli, designed by Jean Schlumberger of Tiffany, was made in Paris, took over one thousand hours to do.)

BOUCHER

PENN



Under the dome at the Institut de France, *a new member, at his formal reception into the Académie Française, with, in attendance, notable non-Académicians; each Académie member wears his ceremonial uniform, green-embroidered by Napoleonic decree.*

we can be quite certain is that a multitude of contestants will dispute our succession when we are gone. In insurance terms, our death has a plus-value. When any one of us is taken ill, the candidates for his seat greet one another in terms like these:

"How is old So-and-so?"

"There's no hope. He's recovered."

An academician has to be armed with a tough skin.

"They are forty with the wit of four," the humourous poet Piron said in about 1748.

When I was up for election some of my good friends observed: "There has to be a zero in forty," and "He has only his works against him—in other words, nothing much." And when somebody asked: "What has he written, anyhow?" an acquaintance replied: "His name at the bottom of an application blank." Pleasantries which, happily, have been used for other candidates before me.

And now—what is the French Academy and how did it start? In 1632 Cardinal Richelieu was in a bad frame of mind. He had massacred a few Protestants and chopped off the heads of some noble lords, but these pastimes no longer amused him. He had set himself up as a defender of national security simply in order to stave off neurasthenia. One day his friend the Abbé de Boisrobert told him about a group of literary men who held joyful discussions of arts and letters. *Joyful!* This word struck the Cardinal's fancy; he wanted to share the fun and make laughter a state institution.

When Cardinal Richelieu enquired "whether they wanted to incorporate themselves and meet at regular intervals under official auspices," they said no, thereby showing an inde-

pendence of spirit which is rare among the money-minded intellectuals of today. But three years later, in 1635, they finally accepted the Cardinal's offer, for human resistance has its limits. In the age of Louis XIII, writers had no social standing and their elevation to a rank equal to that of a Prince of the Church or a general was the Academy's first and most startling achievement. The King's celebrated minister, Colbert, suddenly told some academicians who addressed him as "My Lord" that from then on they were to call him simply "Sir." It was, in short, a stroke of good fortune that Cardinal Richelieu, who was a mediocre dramatist, should appreciate the merits of plays better than his own.

The members of the Academy were originally fifteen in number, then twenty-five and eventually, after some experimentation, forty. "Why only forty?" some students of Columbia University asked the philosopher Henri Bergson. And he replied: "If the door were left open, it would inevitably creak. And if we were arbitrarily to shut it on some writer in the public eye, can't you imagine the protests?"

At stated times the academicians elect a director and a chancellor. During the two months of his tenure the director is all-powerful. The chancellor has exactly the same function in the literary world as the vice-president of the United States has in the political field, but not in the Richard Nixon way, rather, like Throttlebottom in *Of Thee I Sing*. With such a rapid rotation every member has a chance to hold one of these two offices. The only stable post is that of the permanent secretary. He assures the continuity of our discussions and, in some cases, the perpetuation of our errors.

The Academy meets every Thursday, which means that we have frequent opportunities to see one another. This is why a candidate must pay a formal call on all the members, one by one. They are entitled to gain first-hand acquaintance with the future companion of their deliberations.

In many ways the Academy is like a school. The members play tricks and whisper behind the director's back. In *Choses vues* Victor Hugo tells about a meeting which is for all the world like a student assembly. The only difference is that the Academy is in session only once a week, and that is on the day when French school children have a holiday.

An academician on his way to an official function is recognizable by his dress. His uniform is commonly called the *habit vert*, although it is actually black or midnight blue, and only the green embroidery with which it is covered justifies this name. Before May 13, 1801, the academicians dressed as they pleased. But Napoleon, with his love of uniforms, commissioned the painter David to design one for them. It is generally described as stiff, lugubrious and uninspiring. This, I think, is the fault of its dominant colour, a very particular, pedagogical shade of green, reminiscent of a business or law office, a desk blotter, a wallet or a dictionary binding. If we stop to think of the envious dreams and stomach ulcers of the candidates we may also call it the green symbolic of both hope and bile. Talleyrand, who did not belong to the Academy, called its members "parrots."

I happen to like the uniform, but I must admit that its wealth of embroidery makes it an expensive proposition. When the humourist Tristan Bernard was urged to apply for admission to the Academy he protested: "No, the rig costs entirely too much. I'll wait until the death of a member who wears my size." An American admiral who was present at a hot-weather ceremony turned to his perspiring neighbour, Marcel Pagnol, and asked him the very natural question: "Haven't you a summer uniform?"

Along with the uniform there is a sword, which has a most realistic sluice for draining off blood. This is somewhat comic, in view of the pacific character of its bearers. On the day when Eugène Labiche was admitted to the Academy he declared: "This is the first time I've ever carried a sword. And yet I was never more terrified in my whole life!"

Only one academician in history actually used his weapon. Monsieur Collardeau, my predecessor in seat number twenty-one, challenged a fellow-scholar to a duel because of a disagreement on the subject of irregular verbs.

Exactly what purpose does the Academy serve? Its express mission is to watch over the French language and, when proper, to enrich it. Slang expressions and scientific terms have come into everyday use, and so have many English and American words, together with a lesser number of Italian and Spanish ones. It is our job to determine which of all these are an integral part of the language and which are only the products of a passing fashion.

The making of our dictionary is a laborious task: we study no more than ten words a week. By an unfortunate chance I entered the Academy at the time when the word "catacombs" was up for definition. If I live until we reach the letter "H," I shall count myself a lucky man.

When Richelieu entrusted the protection of the French language to the first members of the Academy the assignment was much more important than it is now. In the age of Louis XIII French was a universal tongue. Treaties and all other dealings among governments and peoples were drawn up in French, and they required precision and exactitude of a kind that is not expected of English as the diplomatic language of today.

Our second purpose is to reward virtue in all its forms. This is no easy job, for true virtue is most often hidden from the eye and we must ferret it out like detectives. Renan said that if virtue were a profitable investment, financiers would have discovered it long ago. This statement still holds true. And the prizes which we distribute are more honourific than they are substantial.

But the reward of virtue and the protection of the French language are only a part of the Academy's concerns. I may conclude with the words of Paul Valéry:

"Universal disorder is the greatest single characteristic of the modern world, as pernicious in the realm of ideas as it is in the fields of everyday life and morals. With its encroachment, instability threatens to become the general rule. In this period of tumultuous change, continuity, tradition, balance and serenity are the supreme values. For the salvation of its soul the nation has a duty to preserve them."

Translated by Frances Frenaye



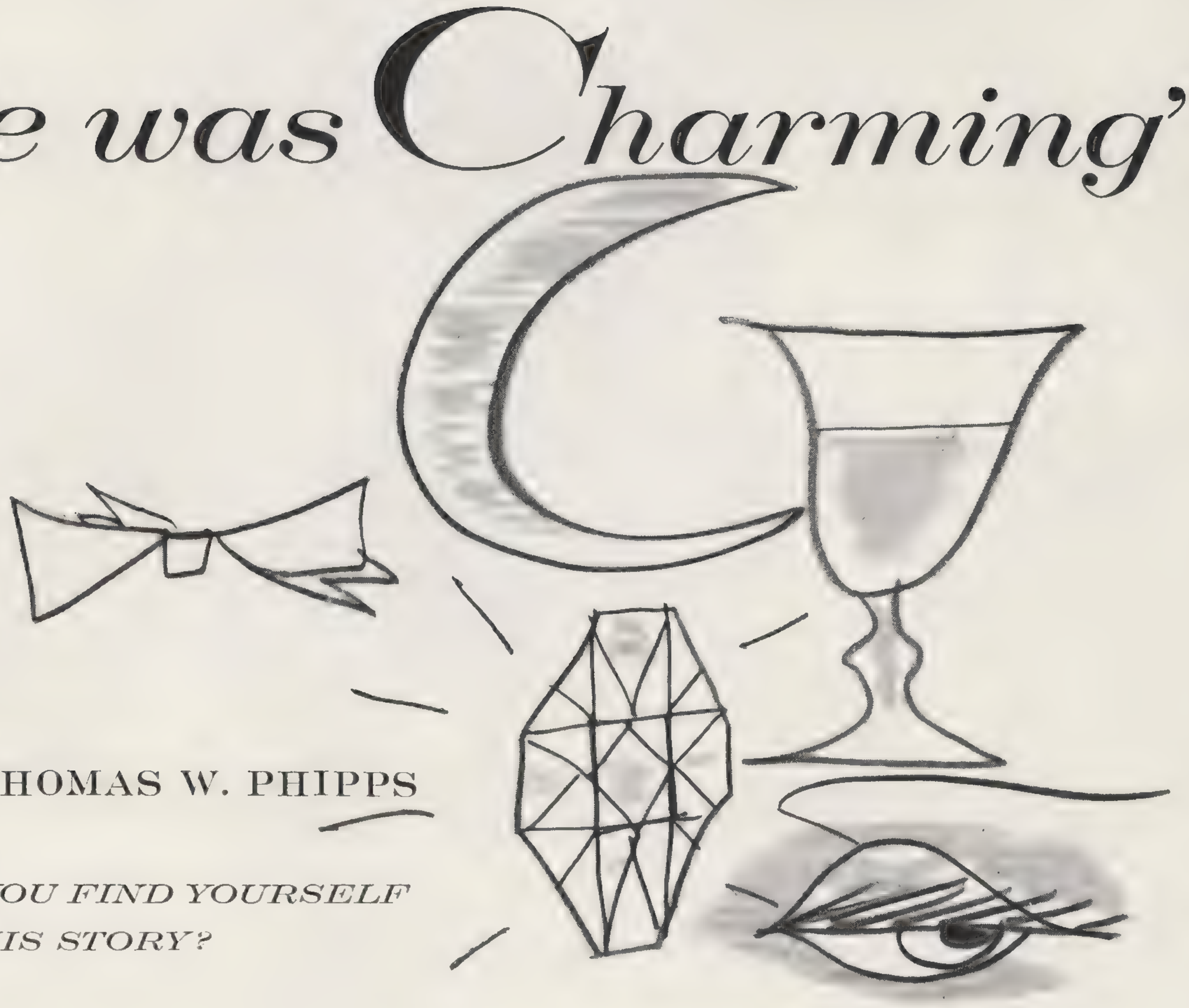
One South American's way with fashion

6th in Vogue's series on fashion personalities: the Washington clothes-life of Mrs. Walther Moreira Salles, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador

This year, more than ever before, there has been a notable surge of very young women to the fashion front—among them, Mrs. Salles, a slender brunette with a lovely aquiline face and that great fashion advantage, the look of being taller than she actually is. Skin like a white cyclamen's makes her colour range tremendous, and although she wears a good deal of black, her day clothes at the moment include red, green, turquoise, and combinations of beige and brown. She dislikes extremes—except for a few smashing evening dresses—preferring dateless clothes with all the instantly appealing charms of underplayed elegance. Materials interest her enormously, and she is totally exigent about fittings. About her shopping technique, she said recently: "I have very decided taste. I see a collection once, mark what I like, go back, try on, and order, knowing the certain amount needed each season." Details follow here. *Far left, above:* Mainbocher's superlative suit of black cashmere, with a jacket to the hipbone, lined with the same white cut velvet that makes the blouse. This for formal luncheons, tea, often for early cocktail parties. *Far left, below:* Mrs. Salles wears a suit of green and black dogtooth checks—avant-garde but not too. This is Givenchy, and so is the coat of bright red wool with deep-cut sleeves and high jaunty revers. *Left:* At night she wears this wide stole of brown chinchilla, a magnificence of jewels designed for her by Schlumberger—all a matter of great yellow and white diamonds caught in fine vinework of platinum and gold. *Above, left:* Mainbocher's dinner suit of heavy cerise brocade, worn with a small jet of hat, lots of veil. *Above, right:* The sensational Pernod-coloured taffeta dress by Dior that Mrs. Salles wore this winter for her first dinner party at the Brazilian Embassy in Washington and to a number of other galas later on.

HENRY CLARKE

"she was Charming"



BY THOMAS W. PHIPPS

CAN YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THIS STORY?

She came into the room—a little out of breath.

Her partner straightened a chair, and she sat down. Her eyes were bright, her skin very clear. She touched her forehead with a thin white handkerchief, then she smiled.

"What fun," she said, "and you're a very good dancer."

He was delighted. Ever since he had been introduced to her she had made him feel attractive—not in any obvious way, but by being an attentive listener, receptive, responsive to his talk. She wore a black velvet dress with a little jacket; her jewellery, two long strings of pearls and a diamond clip—rather a modest one. Her eyes were delicately but definitely made up and her lips were almost as pink as her nails.

He had noticed her when she had first walked into the ballroom. She held herself so well, moved so gracefully, and he had been impressed by the way she had greeted her friends, with obvious pleasure (in sharp contrast to another he had seen who had theatrically blown kisses across the floor, waved her arms and done everything but shout to announce her arrival and then—not spent more than a couple of seconds with each person).

Her host had crossed to meet her. He was an old friend and she took his arm and almost immediately he was laughing. And then the butler came up with the champagne. She took a glass and thanked him by name.

The host had taken her up to a group of several people. She met both the women and the men, simply, not trying to foist her personality off on them, but rather trying to find out about theirs. Now her partner offered her a cigarette. As he held out a light he suddenly realized that one of the reasons he was having such a good time with her was because she was so quietly enthusiastic, aware of how delicious the Perrier Jouet was, of the fun of meeting someone new, of the excellence of Emil Coleman's orchestra, of how attractive the room was—all lit by candles; and her awareness heightened his own. She had difficulty in keeping her cigarette lighted; he suggested that she puff in.

"Of course," she said, "I always smoke like an amateur, probably because I *am*."

He asked her about some of the guests. Those she knew she described amusingly, sometimes with affection, those she didn't know she speculated on.

Her cigarette was out again. He held out his lighter. With a shake of her head she put the cigarette in the ash tray.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I'm just not very good at it."

They both smiled at her inefficiency. She was still sipping her champagne. The orchestra started to play again, and they

moved off in a waltz, lightly, delightfully.

It was some time later that he learned that she was sixty-five.

She came into the room—a little out of breath. Her partner sat on the arm of the sofa—she sat down in a chair.

She was dressed in pink, with a small pink bow in her hair. Her nose was a little sunburnt and her teeth were the brightest white. Her hair, the colour of straw, hung quite straight to her shoulders. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, her head a little on one side as if to be sure not to miss anything.

It was a birthday party and her partner had taken her out into the garden to look around. On the way back he had suggested that they dance together. They held each other gingerly, each counting under their breaths.

And now, here they were, desperately relieved that the dance was over and they were still alive.

He had noticed her when she had first arrived. She had been a little late and had lingered in the doorway until she had caught the hostess' eye—then she had walked quickly into the room, her eyes straight in front of her, and then just as she had been about to put out her hand, her ribbon fell out of her hair. As he started to pick it up, she recovered it.

He had noticed how pretty she was, and how brightly her face lit up when anyone spoke to her and how nice her bubbly laugh was.

Of all the girls in the room she was the one he wanted to meet. And so he had gone over and stood beside her and pretty soon they were talking—and then her ribbon fell out again and he picked it up and they laughed and were friends.

He had trouble with most girls finding things to talk about but with this girl it was quite different. Not that he wasn't shy; in some ways he had never felt so shy in his life, but he felt easy with her, she was so friendly and natural, and soon they were both talking at once—acting as if they'd known one another always—not just for half an hour.

It went on through at least two dances and then someone appeared with a tray of drinks. She took a tall glass with a cherry on the top. He took the same kind. They started to drink and her bow fell off again. He looked over and caught her eye. For a moment their faces were expressionless, then they began to giggle.

It was then that he knew this was the best party he had ever been to. Some time later he learned that she was six.

She came into the room—a little out of breath.

Her partner pulled a chair away from the card table and she sat down.

Their hostess had come up to them as they danced and asked if they would do her a great favour and play a game of Canasta with two older non-dancing guests. They had agreed, gone twice more around the floor and now here they were ready for Canasta—but the opponents had disappeared.

He was delighted to have her alone a little longer.

She had dark hair, parted in the middle, cut like Irene Castle's. She wasn't beautiful, pretty, or handsome. She was attractive-looking, with soft, intelligent eyes, a quick humourous mouth and the most enchanting voice he had ever heard.

It was her voice that had first caught his attention. He'd been watching the dancing when he heard her beside him accepting an invitation to dance with a rather unprepossessing, small man.

He turned and saw her. She was wearing a dark green velvet dress and, as far as he could see, no jewellery at all—later he noticed one wide gold bracelet. She had the most beautiful neck and shoulders. There was a delicious unmodern look about her that caught his eye immediately—that and the voice.

He realized that she was an exceptional dancer; her shoulders were level like those of an ice-skater, but what pleased him most was the wonderful time she was giving the little man. She took trouble with him—and he loved it.

After a few turns, he cut in on her himself. Her hand was cool, her perfume fresh, her hair held the smell of lemon verbena. And then the hostess tapped them for the Canasta game.

Now, here they were, waiting, alone in the card room.

She had been widowed three years ago, he learnt; she had two children, six and ten. She spoke as though she were quite capable of looking after herself but he suddenly found himself hoping she might need his help about something.

As a rule the immaculately tidy woman had little appeal for him. He liked the touch that wasn't quite right—the odd strand of hair—the eyebrow with personality.

She was impeccably turned out, but he rather felt that it was more accidental than anything else, and that the next time he saw her she'd be back to normal.

The odd thing was that although she seemed completely open and uncomplicated, he felt that he hadn't even begun to find out about her. It would take a lot of searching, and, after most of the one-layer people he knew, this was a delight.

Suddenly he wanted her to know about him—what he did—how he lived, what he liked to read. He started for the chair beside her when the Canasta opponents walked in. Later he walked back with her to the dance floor. They danced away.

At least, for him, this was an evening he would remember.

It was some time later he learned that she was forty.

She came into the room—a little out of breath.

Her partner unfolded his handkerchief and handed it to her.

"That's quite a cha-cha you do."

She laughed, shaking her head at the handkerchief. "You kept up all right."

"Yes," he said, "I'm good."

She wore a yellow bouffant dress, and her dark brown hair was damp on her cheek.

He'd never seen her before an hour ago. It was when he was doing his duty dance with his hostess that he spotted her.

She sat in a corner with an elderly, heavy-set man with a moustache—obviously a monumental bore. While he talked, she was piling up an ash tray, two match-boxes, a silver bowl of paper cigarette holders, placing them in such a way that they must automatically be upset—onto the bore.

After seeing that, he had, of course, to meet her. And a few dances later he had the *(Continued on page 147)*



Paris boutique clothes

in America now

On the rise in America: the pleasure in fashions from the ready-to-wear boutiques of the great Paris couturiers. Less expensive than made-to-order originals from the big collections, boutique clothes have the sure touch of the master designer.

Left: Short evening dress, a matter of black lace and bare shoulders—with a high flattery-quotient in the immense white satin bow. From the Lanvin Castillo Boutique. The lace is mounted on black tulle; the bow, underscored in white. About $175.

Near right: Skirt with a new kind of curve—a front-arched hemline. The fitted bodice with its two tiny straps is worn in the lee of a shining swash of stole that's fastened to the skirt at waist-level. From the Cardin Boutique. In shimmery satin, about $350.

Far right: Dramatic back-to-frontage; a halter that upholds the *back* of the bodice and in front curves across the base of the throat to tie casually at one shoulder. Black brocade, from the Laroche Boutique. About $145.

Coiffures by Carita, including, far right, one Carita wig. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. All dresses at these stores featuring Galerie fashions: Rosette Pennington; Bramson's; Vandever's; and stores on page 154.

WILLY RIZZO





Pink's new rendezvous

with pink

There's new method to pink: more of it, a new dimension, with several times the flattery power—all because of the way it's being worn now. Showing the way, pinks carried three-deep, in plaid or striped blouses under suits of different pinks. *Opposite page:* Tweeded pink, of the pale Donegal variety, in a Chanelese suit. Beneath the cardigan jacket, pink that's Glen-plaided—a short-sleeved blouse of silk taffeta. Suit by Dan Millstein of English wool tweed. About $110. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit also at Wm. H. Block; Famous-Barr. Pinking the lips decidedly, a Capri Pink by Estée Lauder. *This page:* Geraniumed pink in another easy, Chanelish suit, the jacket with flap pockets, notched collar. Strengthening this pink's cosmetic action, a striped silk taffeta blouse blooming in rose-geranium colours. Vivid lipsticking here is Riviera Blush by Estée Lauder. Suit by Dan Millstein of Anglo wool tweed. About $110. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also: Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin.

More taste

If you were to buy all the clothes on these eight pages the price would be precisely $313. We don't suggest that you do, but we do think that this tidy little figure points a tidy little moral. Namely: the total cost of some of the plummiest new ideas in fashion amortizes, over the year, at considerably less than a dollar a day.

than money

$25

Left: Navy-blue petit-checks bound up in black braid and filled with a bracer of white Irish linen. As is: $25, but the whiteness might be replaced day or late-day with masses of ivory beads (the impulse to fashion doesn't cost a cent). By Sportwhirl, of worsted crêpe. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Straw hat, by Mr. John.

$28

Right: Cowl-necked put-over and a premium of pleats. The fabric is, indomitably, navy-blue worsted jersey; the breakdown—top, $10; skirt, $18. Both, by Toni Owen. Hat: Mr. John Boutique. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Top and skirt: Montaldo's; Hudson's.

PENN





$23 *Above:* Shirt dresses there always are—and always, a fresh set of shirt-dress lures. This deliciously silky scribble of blues and mauve, for example, is made of a new Dacron—very self-controlled in the drip-dry clinches. ($23 is the other fact that slides down easily here.) By L'Aiglon. Hat, by Madcaps. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress: at Marshall Field; Vandervoort's.

$25 *Left:* Thin navy-blue crêpe with shirt effects, and the kind of skirt that's active skirt-news now. For: $25, and 365 days a year (counting time out for the white cotton piqué collar, time in for ropes of glitter—365 little-evenings as well). By R & K, in sheer crêpe of rayon and acetate. At Altman's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. The poke-y net bonnet, by John Frederics.

PENN





$24

Above: Knitted explanation of the separates-hold on fashion. Sand-and-white stripes bloused over a softness of sand-coloured pleats. As clear as their message for each other: the brisk colour-parlay-potential (one this-moment parlay for sand-beige—lemon yellow). By Nelly de Grab, of Arnel-and-cotton (a Fuller fabric). The top, $12; skirt, $12. Cartwheeling straw hat: Dachette. Both at Altman's. Costume, also: Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

$42

Left: The plaid is Glen, the jacket is longish and straight as a schoolboy's, and pleats have never been around more significantly than they are this spring. This entire collection of suit-news tips the budget at exactly $35. By Paul Chase, in beige wool plaid. The voice of the turtle—white knitted cotton—a barely audible $7. By Geist & Geist. This and the Madcaps pillbox, all at Bloomingdale's. Suit, also at L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson.

PENN



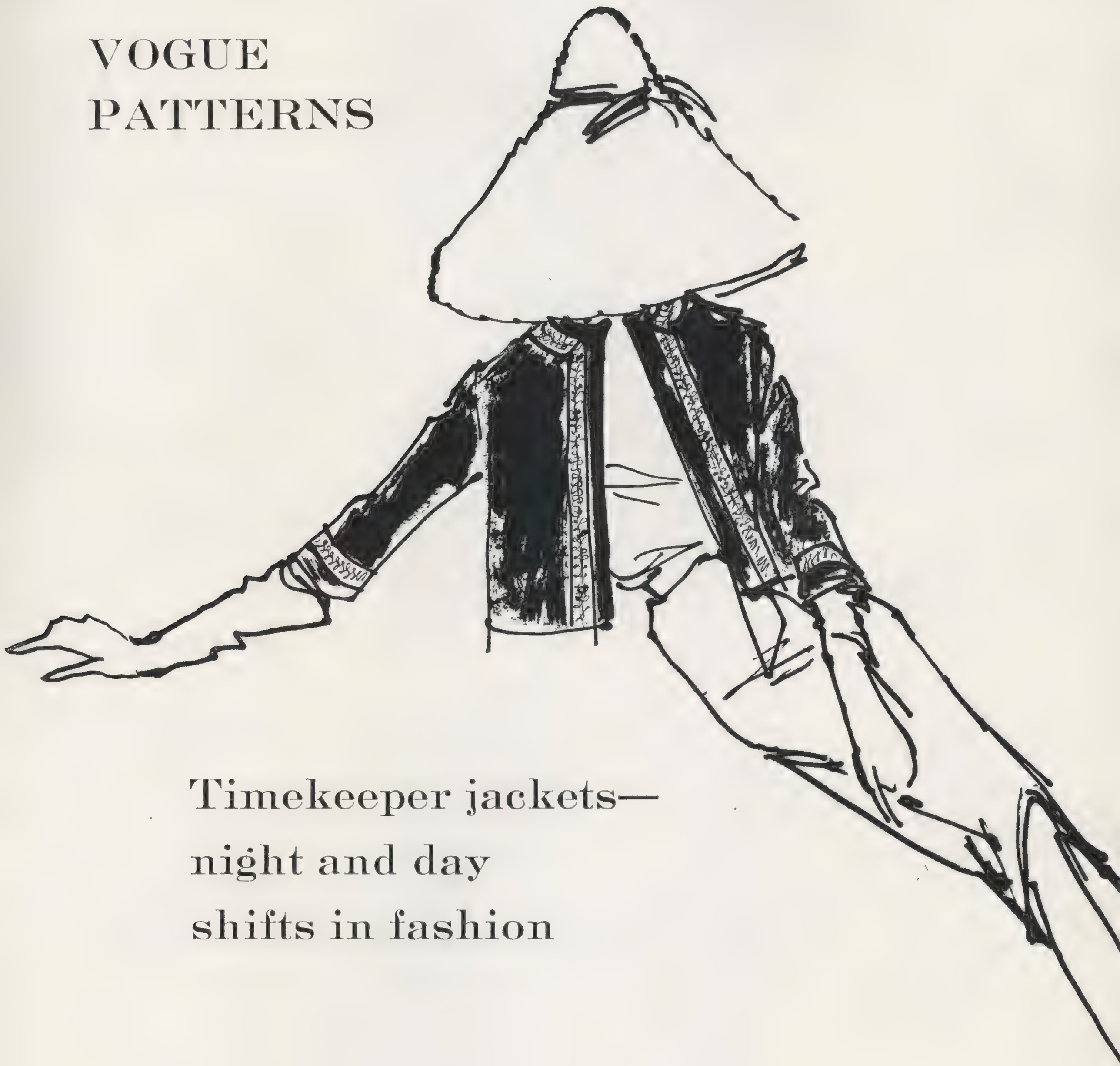
$80 Beige-and-white tweed coat that takes what-to-wear-with-what questions into account—and into the bargain: an $80 cheque writes off the coat and the sleeved beige sheath. By Abe Schrader; wool tweed coat; dress, a blend of rayon, cotton, and silk (Herbert Meyer fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.

$66 Vanilla-beige wool suit with a record length of jacket—coat-length coat, slim skirt. The knitted cotton stripes are white, black, pale-green—to name just three colour possibilities that the coat might occupy itself with, on its own. Coat, $45; skirt, $17. Both, by Pendleton. Smartee shirt, $4. Wallach's; Famous-Barr; Meier & Frank.

PENN



VOGUE
PATTERNS



Timekeeper jackets—
night and day
shifts in fashion

JACKET: VOGUE PATTERN 9692

DRESS: VOGUE PATTERN 9888



Little high jackets and quick, narrow dresses that keep time like clocks. From one pattern could come two or more jackets with special day and night identities: for day, brocaded cotton, lightweight black wool jersey piped in white or black soutache braid; for night, blazing brocade, Paisley, lamé, scarf-printed silk surah. Since these jackets take under two yards, they might be the perfect excuse for those irresistible but what-to-do-with slippings of silk brought back from Siam or Tokyo. The dress is superb in any fabric, and making two at once saves time. This month, the two might be of lightweight black wool jersey, one to wear by day under its matching jacket, the other ready and pressed for evenings. (Or a well-chosen colour substituted for one of the blacks could make the same double time.) Saved as easily as time in this case, the dress pattern might be used again in April—with T-shirting; and still later, in June—with silk linen. *Other views, sizes, on page 60.*





All you need to know about the new shoes

Five quick statements of fact that tell you what's afoot with shoes for spring, 1960: the shapes, colours, materials; ups and downs of heel heights; pointedness of toes....All, to be read with this in mind: skirts are easier, leggier, lighter; shoes and stockings more in the fashion-limelight than ever.

• The pointed toe marches on as the invincibly fashionable shoe shaping, mildly pointed for walking shoes, city or country; clearly pointed for day, late day, evening. Even when a shoe is slightly squared at the tip, it has the look of a pointed toe—long, graceful, tapering.

• One of the newest shoe-looks is the openwork effect, an open texturing done with cross-woven strips, grillwork, filigree of nylon or leather. (The shoes themselves, though, are definitely closed, except for a few open backs here and there.) More surface interest: folds, pleats, encrusted bows, or small appliqués; two or more leathers used together, only the textures—as a rule—contrasting, not the colours.

• There's never been such a variety of heel heights and shapings to choose from as this spring. For city-country life, stacked leather heels range in height from almost-flat to almost-high; for late day and later, heels may be high, thin, delicate, or lowish and curved. There's never been so little need to hunt high and low for exactly the highness or lowness you want, in exactly the shoe you want.

• Smooth leathers are adored, sometimes woven together, sometimes stitched or embroidered, sometimes combined with reptile skins. On the other hand (or other side of the leather), pale suèdes look delicious for summer; so do reversed calfskin shoes to wear with country-city clothes, in the beige-to-brown colour range: buff, honey-brown, russet.

• Black shoes are findable—often, in patent leather—but it's conceivable that you might not have a single pair of black shoes in your closet, this spring. Bright browns, middle browns, taupey greys, greenish taupes look wonderful for now, and all through the spring. For summer, look for a revival of the black-and-white spectator opera pump; for smashingly beautiful linen shoes, shoes in lighthearted checked ginghams; for pale, marbled colours—milky green, grey-blue, smoked yellow, frosted beige, pecan cream.

Far left: Suit, very spring, 1960—and the shoes and stockings that carry it forth fashionably. (These, shown also in close-up, near left.) Except for the shoes, the entire look here is pale, almost monotone: pale-beige and white checked suit, pale-beige hat, handbag, chamois gloves—elegant, immaculate look for a spring day in town. The suit, slightly fitted, beautifully shaped in worsted jersey; by George Carmel. About $185. Hat, beige rough straw, by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also: Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. High-heeled opera pumps made of woven strips of russet-brown calfskin, with a narrow calfskin collar and heel; by Palizzio, in Donovan calfskin. About $30 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Vandervoort's. Taupey-brown seamless stockings, by Archer. At B. Forman; Vandervoort's; J. W. Robinson.

FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-GILL

The openwork shoe

Shoes with this new fascination—an openness of texturing in the shoe's surface; smartest when the shoe itself is closed at toe, heel, as in the four here. *Lower left:* Delicate, intricate checkerboard pattern of beige kangaroo skin (by Surpass), beige nylon lace filigree (by Julius Wider). High-heeled opera pump by Evins; about $55. I. Miller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. *Upper left:* Beige opera pump—half nylon filigree, half kidskin. Nylon filigree by Charles Rockmore. Shoe, by Evins; about $50. I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; Goldwater's; I. Magnin. *Upper right:* Very much to the point—the toe, the openwork of this high-heeled opera pump. Taupey-grey calfskin with rows of lacing and perforations running down the toe. Shoe, by Delman; about $50. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Elizabeth Arden, Beverly Hills. *Lower right:* Alternating strips of smooth calfskin, fagoting, in a slender, high-heeled brown opera pump; by Jülianelli, of Hubschman calfskin. About $40. At Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.





How high the heel

How high, or how low, the heel —it's an open fashion choice in 1960 shoe news: four examples, here. *Left, below:* To wear with suits, a medium-high stacked heel; tan calfskin walking shoe by Evins. *Left, above:* Lowish heel for a country shoe; curry suèded calfskin, by Delman. *Right, above:* Baby-heeled opera pump in bone kidskin and python; by Pappagallo. *Right, below:* Towering heel for late-day; buff-coloured suède opera pump by Herbert Levine. Fuller details on page 150.

The four stockings—all in new spring beige-to-brown colours. Reading clockwise, from lower left: Sheer, full-fashioned stocking by Gotham Gold Stripe. Jacquard-patterned stretch stocking for the country —"Rickrack," by Phoenix. Seamless, demi-toe stocking by Van Raalte. Hanes seamless stocking. For more information, details, see page 150.



Left: Buoyant with city daytime, even late-day possibilities —a dress-and-jacket costume that's also buoyed up as follows: it's worn with very high-, slender-heeled opera pumps. Scoop-necked dress, waist-length jacket, in honey-brown fabric of Orlon-and-silk. By Nat Tuman; about $80. Jay Thorpe; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Stitched opera pumps in pale coffee-brown calfskin, by Avonettes; demi-toe, seamless beige stocking by Mary Grey. More information about these shoes and stockings is on page 150.

EVELYN HOFER

Colours—in a

marble vein

what you need to know about the colours of the shoe news— cool and emphatic as Mediterranean marble tones. *Details, page 150.*

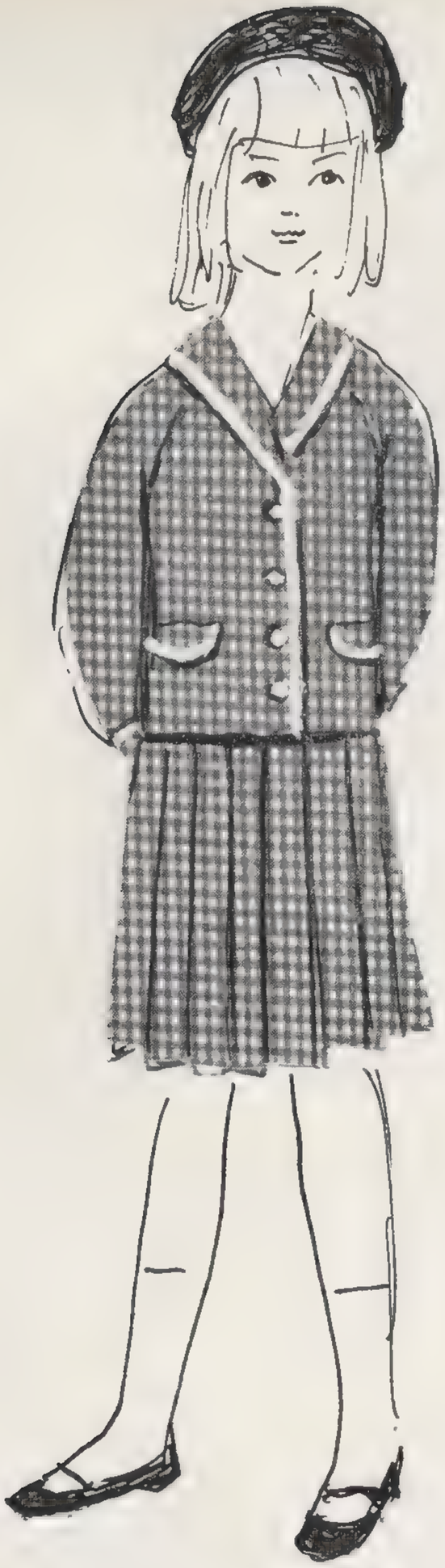
EVELYN HOFER



A checking account of her own



Probably the crispest clothes-currency a little girl could own, this spring: navy-blue and white checks. Starting here, four pages of them, made out to sizes 7 to 14. (A 3-to-6X brother, doubtless a "Me, too" type, got into the picture somehow.) *Left:* Nicely-tailored, fitted coat of hound's-tooth worsted in navy blue and white, belted at the back, with flap pockets. By Doby Girl; about $25. *Right:* Straight, boxy worsted coat checked in navy blue and white, bound in braid—a splendid choice for the little girl whose figure isn't lissome. By Fisher Kiddie, in Stevens fabric; about $45. Both coats at Best & Co.; Hutzler's. The girls' hats on both pages, by Victor Cohen; at Best & Co.



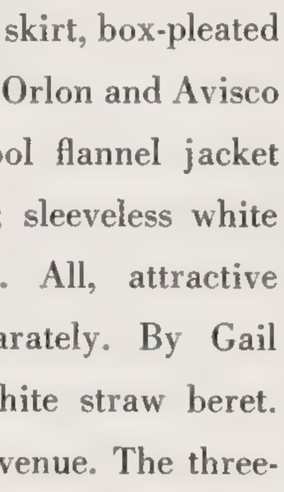


Chanelerie penetrates the 7-to-14 age bracket. where it looks pleasantly right. *Above:* Easy-to-maintain suit—navy-blue and white checked jacket and skirt in knitted Orlon-and-cotton that's washable. Jacket piped in white; pleated skirt with knitted, elasticized waistband. By Sacony; about $15. *Far right:* Charming suit of navy-blue and white checked flannel (rayon-and-acetate). By Girl-Town; about $13. White Dacron-and-cotton blouse, round-collared, by Ship 'n Shore; about $3. *Near right:* Navy-blue and white checked shorts of Orlon and wool, navy-blue wool flannel Eton jacket. Suit, by Imp Originals, in Stevens fabric; about $17. Girls' and boys' clothes, this page, at Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop.



More blue-and-white check-points for spring.

Left: Crisply-checked skirt, box-pleated for keeps, in fabric of Orlon and Avisco rayon; navy-blue wool flannel jacket edged with checking; sleeveless white cotton piqué blouse. All, attractive together, useful separately. By Gail Berk; about $23. White straw beret. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. The three-piece outfit, also at Julius Garfinckel. *Right:* Perennial as daffodils, and as welcome—the chesterfield coat, with velvet collar, belted back, a general effect of tidiness. This, in navy-blue and white checked worsted, by Bambury; about $25. At Best & Co.; Hudson's.







Valuable ally for checks—

the tote sweater

Shown, here—three versions of the "tote" sweater, new Orlon cardigan that goes over everywhere, over everything.

Above: Bulky white Orlon cardigan, by Regal; about $5. Navy-blue and white checked dress of Dacron-and-cotton gingham, a Fabrex fabric; embroidered bands. By Gail Berk. About $13.

Upper right: Cardigan of brushed white Orlon; by Pandora. About $7. Blue-and-white skirt in Wm. Simpson fabric of Orlon and rayon, woven by U. S. Rubber. By Courteena; about $4.

Lower right: Navy-blue Orlon cardigan, by Spur; about $7. Blue-and-white checked shorts in Wm. Simpson fabric of Orlon and rayon, woven by U. S. Rubber. By Courteena; about $4. All clothes, this page, Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; I. Magnin.





The dress-for-dinner dress: in two parts

As practised here, it's as good for the morale as money in the bank or a winter holiday that's warm and sunlit—wonderfully right for the important look of full-length dinner dressing. And there's a fashion bonus in switchability: both dresses are two-piece.

Left: Crinkly silk chiffon in a pinky-mauve shade. The skirt settles gracefully in soft folds; the top has a shawl-width of collar and very, very full sleeves, could—on other days—partner a pink linen skirt or red shorts. Of Chardon-Marché fabric; shirt about $23, skirt about $40. Both at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz.

Right: A glissando fall of white crêpe; a top that could also go out by day over a short white skirt. Navy-blue blouse of wool jersey, skirt of Du Pont acetate-and-nylon. By Junior Sophisticates, about $60. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. On both pages: Judith McCann necklaces.

Photographed on Palm Beach's shopping mall, the Royal Poinciana Plaza.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI







The case of the reanimated wardrobe



To help bridge the wardrobe gap between seasons: the dresses on this page, two stimulants that can go coat-companioned now, will be self-sufficient in the balmier spring days to come. *Left:* Graceful little silk print in black skirled on white; this dress is all softness—a bodice gently bloused above a softened shaft of skirt; bell sleeves and a bowed neckline innocent of collar. By Carlye, of Maxwell silk surah, belted in patent leather. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat, a big beret of black hand-sewn straw braid. *Above:* Knitted wool dress, checked in spring-favoured brown with beigey-white, and cinched with a crushed leather belt. By Kimberly, about $50. At Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Mr. John dome-topped silk toque in coffee brown.

New ways to stack leather—narrower, and in shapelier shapes—as seen here in three heel heights.
Top, left: Walking heel, rounded, tapering. Spectator shoe of russet-brown calfskin with extension sole. About $25.
Middle left: Slenderized medium heel, berry-red to match the berry-red calfskin of this spectator pump. About $29.
Below, left: Stacked leather look soaring to a new height. Shoe of pecan-beige calfskin, with deeper brown collar; about $26. All these shoes are at Saks Fifth Avenue.

PALUMBO

THREE PLACES AND THEIR PLEASURES IN WEST GERMANY

In West Germany's Bavarian and Rhineland regions, most of the good things are fattening, and every few miles, no matter how deep in the country, seem to yield at least one Schloss, one convivial Gasthaus, and picture-book mediaeval architecture. Right now in progress is *Fasching*, the frantic revelry between New Year and Lent. Later this year at Oberammergau, 1,250 of the village's 5,000 citizens will reenact the Passion Play, given every ten years since 1634 in fulfillment of a vow to present it every decade if the Black Plague ended. Here, three places and their special joys.

In Munich, opera and Lederhosen, palaces and beer halls

Baroque palaces, smoky beer halls, *lederhosen*, *espresso* cafés, and superb opera—all of this is Munich, the lively capital of Bavaria. The museum, Alte Pinakothek, has a famous collection of paintings, newly hung against muted green and grey velvet walls, and magnificently lighted. A modern collection at the Neue Pinakothek includes French impressionists, German expressionists, and abstractionists; among these, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Klee. One of the most delicious of all theatres is the Cuvilliès, gold, ivory, and crimson rococo, built for royalty in 1751. Its four tiers of boxes are entwined with trumpeting angels and *faux*-velvet swags of scarlet-painted stucco. Open all year, it seats only four hundred and fifty people, and is especially delightful when filled with the music of Mozart. One Munich stop everybody makes is the Hofbräuhaus, the huge smoky beer hall where enormous steins of beer are served on long oaken tables, and you can see more Germans at once than almost any place else in Germany. For German food, the restaurant Schwarzwälders is excellent; venison and hare are specialties, and the cellars are noted for both French and German wines. In the night clubs of Schwabing, Munich's Greenwich Village, students dance to rock and roll and, curiously, Spanish and Italian bands. At Gisela, pleasantly priced and popular, there are cha-cha and throbbing songs by Gisela, who, in jeans and a boy's shirt, sounds something like Dietrich.

Between Cologne and Düsseldorf, all-afternoon Sunday lunch across from a Gothic cathedral

Far from the autobahn in the heart of emerald, undulant Bergische Land stands the soaring Cathedral of Altenberg, built in 1255. One of the most outstanding examples of Gothic architecture in the Rhineland, the church now serves both Catholics and Protestants. Across the road, the Altenberger Hof is a *gemütlich* place to lunch. As an *apéritif*, one should take a shallow glass of *Steinhäger*, a colourless *eau de vie*, along with the pale dry beer and the salty herring. Venison comes to the table with bananas, cherries, and pineapple, and coffee with doll-size equipment; to each his own little coffeepot, cream, sugar, porcelain cup, and tray. On Sunday, waiters serve with tortoise speed, a fact which seems unimportant because, in Germany, Sunday lunch is obviously meant to last all afternoon.

In Düsseldorf, a pink Schloss, river barges, lively night life

Glassy, modern, and rich, Düsseldorf looks rather American. Away from the skyscrapers and out from the centre of town, however, there is the Schloss Benrath, designed by the French architect Nicholas de Pigage in 1756 and rococo-frothed by Italian artists. The antithesis of the craggy fairy-tale Rhine castle, it is a baby Trianon, shrimp-pink and grey, a complex of three low buildings beside an artificial lake full of swans and, interestingly, sea gulls. Fifteen hundred acres of park stretch behind the Schloss to the Rhine and a restaurant, delightful for lunching under trees, while river barges drift by. For after-dark Düsseldorf gaiety, Bei Toni offers two orchestras: a three-piece combo of drummer, pianist, and tape recording; and a group of five live Italians, I Cinque Timidi. Both play amidst fringed lamp shades, gilded angels, and barmaids who look like Miss Bardot. Among the modern, shining hotels is one of West Germany's most flossy, the Breidenbacher Hof, where the baths are black marble, and Palette, the hotel's night club, is known for its luxe.

Decorating around one star piece that keys a room: here, a French cupboard

As first lead in this living room, Michael Taylor, a San Francisco designer, casts a fine eighteenth-century French Provincial cupboard with the supporting furniture price-talented and attractive.
Of heroic stature, the walnut cupboard is ten feet high by about five wide, costs around $2,500. Aside from justifying its price by beauty, it plays a number of rôles, providing place for TV, hi-fi, radio, bar, china, and other living-dining space-takers.
The background is intensely white—off-white walls, all-white floor of Corlon vinyl tile by Armstrong Cork, white duck slip covers, natural wood blinds sprayed with white paint (this eliminates curtains). All the whites are foils for the cupboard.
Hardy plants, some tree-size, grow in corners of the room.
Filling a strong minor rôle, the black, white, and beige zebra fur rug makes up for its smallness by dramatics; $280, through decorators at John Vesey. (Its stand-in for about $20, a zebra-striped straw rug, from Lord & Taylor.) Woven-reed side chair and matching table from India complete the supporting cast: through decorators, $66 and $33 each. For more about decorating around one star piece of furniture see the following pages.

FRED LYONS

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING





Decorating around one star piece

...how to proceed when you've put all your decorating eggs in one basket

Although an engaging mixture of treasures—superb furniture, paintings, objects, rare fabrics, the lot—makes any house directly alluring, this way with decorating is obviously not for everyone. For all those others then there is another Very Sound Approach. Which is: start with one marvellous element—beautiful, exciting, or plainly offbeat—that is also a joy to live with; one man's Louis Quinze, after all, is another man's Abominable Snowman.

In any event, the point is that, having spent a substantial sum—perhaps thousands of dollars, perhaps only several hundred—on the star piece, one then seeks corners to cut and the most attractive ways of cutting them. On the page opposite are two views of a one-room apartment in San Francisco designed on this system by Anthony Hail for an exacting bachelor who began his décor with one fascinating screen. Sailing its six panels is the Spanish Armada painted on canvas. Although the room holds no other element of great value, the application of a good colour sense and the combination of wits and economy have gained an effect that is appealing to look at briefly—for the space of a drink or dinner—or to live with on a longterm basis.

Since the doors were moderately dreary and oddly placed, they were turned into "Mondrians" by paint in seaweed and mustard shades. Two round tables of undistinguished plywood lineage were skirted to the floor in seaweed-green cotton, smartly finished with double bands of carpet binding, and the reading-and-idling chair—made originally for the deck of an Edwardian ship—was covered in sturdy beige tailor's muslin. Green cotton, tailor's muslin, and more penny-bank rug binding cover the sofa-bed. Sisal matting does the floor with the single punctuation of a Navajo rug. And for extra fillips there's a lamp made from a blue Confederate weather vane; a couplet of Bavarian antlers, now among the "finds" in antique shops though prices are at this moment rising. Total expenditure: modest. Effect: enormous.

Variants of this plan might begin with a less precious screen, with the big French cupboard shown on the preceding page, with the chest or the *étagère* shown on the following pages; in fact, with anything that's a special pleasure to the people involved. From Brunschwig there's this intrepid plan for a living room: one outrageous, low table made in Japan of white bamboo woven on a wood base. Everything else is black, white, and yellow, with one wall papered in black pheasants on a white ground; fabric of the same pattern covers a routine "thrift shop" sofa, and the floor is painted tôle yellow, polished to skating lustre. On the floor there's a rough wool rug, and the atmosphere, on the whole, is winter-garden-without-aspidistras.

Points to bear in mind when embarking on the Star Piece room plan are these: Use buckeye fabrics—percale, ticking, tailor's muslin—in quantity, saving the hand-woven silks, crewel work, and other elegance for small-scale dramatics—chairs that need only a cushion, for example. Consider what twenty-five dollars of palm tree can accomplish in terms of reviving midwinter eyes. Don't overlook the fact that colour is peanuts in terms of money. Details count; one case in point, the rug binding used for the table covers here. And, finally, convictions count: a yen for antlers at the precise moment in time when the market is low should not be denied.

From a full-tilt Spanish Armada—

painted in Portugal on an elegant eighteenth-century screen—this one-room San Francisco apartment proceeds to luxe achieved by prices anything but grand. Note, for instance, the inexpensive canvas chairs transfixed by colour; and for details, see the printed words to the right.



Decorating around one star piece— a lacquered étagère; or a Louis XV chest

Each of the rooms sketched here depends on a starting point of some importance and on the enlightened but famously uncostly use of colour. Both were designed by the New York decorating team of Baldwin & Martin. *Above:* The focus here is a hanging *étagère* lacquered pinky-red and filled with replicas of Staffordshire, Old Chelsea, Rockingham, and the like, to which might be added, as time and money afford, original antique porcelains. One wall is papered in blooms of scarlet, pink, orange, and eggplant; the others are white. On the routine plywood dining table is a checkered linen cloth scalloped with carpet binding; and the two black Italian chairs have pads of black linen. *Étagère* to order from Sydney Brown, $450. Fallani & Cohn Belgian linen cloth, $11; Conso carpet binding (1¼″ wide), 7¢ a yard. Mottahedeh porcelains, from $8. Brancusi chairs. Woodson Wallpapers*. *Right:* A painted oak chest signed by the French cabinetmaker, Peridiez, conveys instant charm in this high-ceilinged room with yards of white percale sheeting for curtains and deep apple-green walls. Green cotton damask covers the curtain wall; the others are painted. The mirror, Queen Anne in shape, has a frame of painted glass; this to order from Sutton Glass & Mirror*. Chest: Sydney Brown, $3,500. Brunschwig & Fils green damask*.

*TO ORDER THROUGH DECORATORS



Sleight of eye:

Martin Battersby's trompe l'oeil painting here and abroad



WALLACE HEATON

Trompe l'œil in two English houses: above, *for the Honourable Mrs. Audrey Pleydell-Bouverie, at "Julians";* below, *for Mr. Denis Martineau at "Mompesson House."*





All trompe l'œil, of course, is based upon that uncomplicated game of the eye: what's real, what's not? Some trompe-l'œil painting looks like architecture, makes a room seem, by false perspective, larger or more luminous; some has no intention more involved than to entertain the mind and eye. The photographs on these four pages show trompe l'œil by Martin Battersby, the English painter, in seven houses: one in France, one in Rhode Island, one in New York City, and four in England.

Besides his work in private houses, Mr. Battersby has designed sets and costumes for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon, the Old Vic, and other London productions.

At "Julians," the English country house in Hertfordshire of the Honourable Mrs. Audrey Pleydell-Bouverie, Mr. Battersby painted in some architecture: except for the chandelier and cornice moulding, the hall ceiling shown above is entirely painted. Along the stairs at "Julians," among a near-surrealistic mélange of missing stones, exposed beams, and falling papers, he painted one niche where an unreal candle burns, another where an urn billows smoke just visible in the lower-left corner of the photograph. Some of Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie's interests are painted in: her racing colours, paint brushes, canasta cards, botanical sketches to represent gardening.

At "Mompesson House" in Salisbury, England,

in seven houses

Mr. Battersby worked trompe l'œil into existing architectural details. The two hallway niches shown on the opposite page are painted. Because Mr. Denis Martineau, an architect, lives now at "Mompesson," Mr. Battersby based his paintings upon the tools of architecture, gardening, music, and painting.

No such what's-my-line game is involved in the three-panel screen for the London apartment of Mr. Oswin Bateman-Brown; everything on the screen, shown at left, refers simply and decoratively to the eighteenth century, and everything, including the mouldings, is painted.

For the dining room at "Bois Doré," the Newport, Rhode Island, house of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hill, Mr. Battersby painted eleven trompe-l'œil murals of Versailles. The panels are actually of people who lived at Versailles or had connections with it—Pompadour, Lully, Mignard, Molière, La Grande Mademoiselle, Louis XIV, Marie Antoinette, Voltaire, Montespan, et cetera. The big panel shown is the only one which actually shows Versailles in any way. In the panel, shown below, one sees the Grand Trianon beyond yellow and grey shot taffeta curtains *(Continued on next page)*





Trompe l'œil, portable and permanent:
above, *a screen*
for Mr. Oswin Bateman-Brown;
right, *one of eleven murals*
for Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hill.

JOHN T. HOPF



WALLACE HEATON

Trompe-l'œil memorabilia: left, *a painting for Tilly Losch;* right, *a mural for the house in France of Lady Diana Cooper.*



Sleight of eye

continued

and a bust of Louis XIV; the open book, *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée*, records the five-day fête given in May of 1664 by Louis XIV for his mistress, Louise de la Vallière. Part of the cerebral pleasure in the "Bois Doré" panels lies in unravelling their cross-references; in this panel the black Japanese lacquer vase, holding paint brushes in the lower-right corner, belonged not to Louis XIV nor to anyone in his court, but to his great-grandson's mistress, Madame de Pompadour.

What seems to be a ribbon-crossed collection of memorabilia, above, is actually Mr. Battersby's many-faced painting of and for Tilly Losch. Everything—the photographs, the ribbons, the butterfly-pinned note ("to remind you of Tilly")—is painted. The photographs show her as she appeared in *Everyman* and *The Miracle;* the theatre programme is from the London revival of *The Miracle* in 1932, and the paint brushes for her own paintings, exhibited here and in London. In the lower-left corner of the painting, Mr. Battersby mimicked a portrait of Miss Losch by Pavel Tchelitchew.

In Lady Diana Cooper's house at Chantilly, north of Paris, Mr. Battersby painted a group of hall murals to reflect what the owner has done and liked. In the panel shown at right, the balloon stands



Two kinds of painted legerdemain, for Valerie Hobson Profumo: left, *framed trompe l'œil;* below, *tricks with trompe l'œil.*



for travelling, the unicorn for her collection of the fabled animals. (Another panel includes a ration book, a trident, and a picture of H.M.S. "Enchantress," the thousand-ton sloop used by the Coopers when he was First Lord of the Admiralty.)

The framed painting of keepsakes shown above hangs above the stairway in the London house of The Rt. Hon. John Dennis Profumo, and Mrs. Profumo. (Mr. Profumo is one of Britain's two Ministers of State for Foreign Affairs.) The painted pearls are stand-bys for those that Mrs. Profumo, the former star, Valerie Hobson, always wears. Among the objects painted in are another piece of her jewellery, a Rockingham porcelain cottage from her collection, and a copy of Yeats's poem, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." Downstairs, in the Profumos' hall, Mr. Battersby entertainingly juxtaposed real and unreal. In the view at right, the mirror is flanked by painted hangings with real candle brackets, but the reflection is of painted hangings, *painted* bracket. More of the amusing deception, not shown: unreal clock, unreal barometer, and an unreal niche that holds, oddly, a painted terra-cotta bust of an Irish girl who was once mistress to Louis XV, a copy of André Gide's journal, and an unreal lighted cigarette.



The lingerie story this year—there's new concentration on detail with the look of fragile elegance that's usually spelled in $$. The news: it happens now at less-than-luxury prices. *Left:* Dress-length nightdress with shoestring straps, a demurely gathered bodice. By Berkshire, in cool blue Dacron-nylon-cotton; about $6. Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel.

GILBERT ROY

Left: White nylon lace covers the bodice of this pink nylon crepe gown by Kayser. This, about $32 at Best & Co. and Marshall Field. *Right:* This stylish wheel of lime nylon taffeta has a neck halter of soft green nylon lace. By Seamprufe, about $15, Lord & Taylor, Filene's. The socks are by Deltaire.

The electric switch to beauty

What electricity can do now to improve a face—as investigated by a Vogue editor

New measurement for electricity: beautypower. Electric machinery is now taking over the job of face salvage with remarkable results, adding up to a revolutionary beauty production that might be titled New Faces of 1960. Accomplished facts in this field include a clearing-up process, refinement of texture, wrinkle erasure, balancing of dryness or oiliness, strengthening of sagging muscles—these wonders, done electrically by a varied line-up of machines and attachments.

Although this process is still too new to be found in the yellow pages of any city directory, the actual practice of beauty by electricity is not new. In Paris where the idea originated, there are salons which have featured some electric beauty-work since 1936; one salon in New York has had it since 1948; one in Los Angeles, since 1945. But—all this was a very inner-circle thing; only a small audience participated. Now, the news is spreading, more salons throughout this country are on the way (one, newly in Dallas), and soon any number can play. Several are operating currently in New York, and I set out to investigate them—taking along my skin (described, dishearteningly, as average) and an element of curiosity.

AN ELECTRIC PIONEER IN NEW YORK

I went first to the Elisabeth Ungar salon—a pioneer place in the business of electrical face rescue. Miss Ungar, who has developed her own methods and some of the fine points of her apparatus, is a woman with big dark eyes, a precise way of speaking, and a sort of fairy-godmother manner (when I arrived, she was waving her electric wand over a beautiful princess who turned out to be a famous fashion model). Miss Ungar's approach to skin problems is both scientific and cosmetic; she deals with the kind of aggravations that plague most women—not serious enough for doctors, but still requiring expert guidance; with ten to fifteen of her treatments, she claims she can "make over" an average skin. In her salon—several small white rooms in a town-house-looking building—there are no frills, no flattering décor. The room I was in contained a black leather table for patients to lie on, and an electric machine that looked like a white desk, with black dials. This, she explained, was actually two machines in one, the two sides used for different treatments. Wires attached to this machine are equipped with various kinds of fittings to do all kinds of jobs. The dials produce a variety of effects, control the amount of current used.

My first move was to get up on the table, where Miss Ungar examined my face with a spotlight and magnifying glass—this, a humbling experience. Kindly and impassively, she listed all the things that were wrong with my skin—patches of oiliness, oversize pores that housed unwelcome cloggings, little bumps beneath the skin surface that could (and sometimes did) become blemishes. To this list, I added more—an unfortunate tendency toward sporadic outbreaks, occasional spells of flaky dryness; though my skin was usually well-oiled, there were times when I had more scales than Toledo. Also, I had a small red spot on one cheekbone which was really a cluster of broken blood vessels. All these things Miss Ungar duly noted, then went to work. My treatment started with cleansing; this, done by a gauze pad soaked in drying lotion (to counteract my tendency to oiliness), and attached to one of the electric fittings. I was told that this process, which felt cool and pleasant, causes a chemical reaction in the skin which dissolves impurities that show themselves as blackheads and spots. While doing this, she told me the ingredients of a blackhead (probably the least-attractive recipe in the world): a mixture of sebum, talc, wax, perspiration. As the chemical reaction got under way, the blackheads started to dissolve. I was later given a mirror and—true enough—my skin surface was smoother, fresher. One treatment had uprooted some of the blackhead problem. Another pleasant sensation here was *(Continued on page 146)*

The willowy all-in-one

Shape-making for a fluid silhouette—best basis for the easy, non-cling fit of this season's little silks and bias-cut clothes. The new profile is a matter of all-over slimness and softened, rounded, flowing contours, more clung-to than constricted (the line of a slender woman wrapped in a wet sheet); bra-line coasts into midriff without a seam; the bustline is lifted but unpronounced. In charge of this understatement here: a black all-in-one, two-way stretch of nylon marquisette and nylon power net, filigreed with ivory-rose nylon lace. Satin back panel, back zippering. By Warner's, about $25. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin.



The electric switch to beauty continued

psychological: finally, I thought, something is being *done*. The fairy-godmother image flashed on again.

My next step was facial exercise done by electric impulses. Two electric attachments, both surfaced with gauze pads soaked in water, were applied around my cheeks and jawline. The electric current came and went, with a gripping effect on facial muscles that set off involuntary *moues*. My feeling, during this treatment, was strange and a little giggly—I kept thinking how curious I must look; also I couldn't help thinking of Sam Levene's wonderful line from *Fair Game*: "*Who's* nervous—can't you see how slowly I'm twitching?" Besides having entertainment value, this process apparently firms the flesh of the face, fights against sagginess. Blood circulation is stirred up too, which benefits the skin at every level. Afterward, I felt invigorated, as one usually does after exercise, and my face looked a bit flushed. According to Miss Ungar, this treatment prevents problems as well as correcting them, is recommended at any age to muscle-tone the face.

My next adventure was quicker and, to me, fairly marvellous: the removal of the blood vessel marks. Miss Ungar took an electrified needle and worked at these little red lines, just below the skin surface, to dehydrate the blood vessels, removing the blood that was in them. In about two minutes, I could see that the red marks were gone—and I thought, blissfully, of the extra minute this would add to my life every make-up time, when I was accustomed to smoothing extra foundation over this spot to cover it.

Finally a heavy cream-coloured masque was spread all over my face. Although this felt cold and shivery, it served to soothe and quiet down any redness that concentrated work on my face might have caused. After this was removed, I was able to put on make-up and go out and face life. By this time, I felt like a new Ford that had just got its fenders. Though all my problems couldn't be electric-wanded away in one session, improvements had certainly been made.

Miss Ungar's parting advice to me was to wash my face gently, using my hands instead of a washcloth; also, I was to use a bar of medicated soap she gave me. This, I did as soon as I got home that evening, and I thought my face looked clean and good; for once, I wouldn't have minded being caught without make-up. As the week went on, however, I began to see my skin drying, and by the fourth day after my treatment, I was definitely peeling. My child-like faith was wavering: I abandoned the medicated soap, went back to my old soap, and decided to break the rules by using the washcloth—ever so gently—to work off the new crop of scales I had grown. I was extra gentle around the site of the blood vessels Miss Ungar had treated—she had warned me that minute scabs would form, and had to fall away of their own volition, shouldn't be picked or rubbed off. It was almost a week later when all the little scabs came off; practically all traces of the blood-vessel marks were gone.

By then, it was time for my second appointment. I told Miss Ungar about the ups and downs of my week, and got a good scolding for my trouble. She said the resulting dryness was a natural reaction of the skin, and it would have been better for me to use a cream on the scales, instead of the abrasive cloth which, she also claimed, tends to spread infection. However, it was apparent that the fresh layer of skin I now wore looked better than the old one, so I sheepishly returned to the table for another going over. This time, I again had the cleansing and facial exercise, plus something new: a surface dose of vitamins. She explained that Vitamin A was mixed with natural oil, and this was applied, electrically, to my face—again, on wired gauze pads. After this, the cold masque again as a finale. Each of these sessions had lasted about two hours.

All week, after this treatment, I watched my progress with cat-and-mouse vigilance, and a magnifying mirror. Miss Ungar was right about the cream idea—a cream, left on for a few overnights, took away the scales. The medicated soap felt good again, and while my skin was not perfect, I could see definite improvement. A little more of Miss Ungar, and I could wear my skin in good health.

A RUN-THROUGH IN BLACK AND WHITE

Another electric beauty-maker is Janet Sartin, whose salon was next on my rounds. Miss Sartin is brisk, businesslike, devoted to her clients and their problems, does most of her work in a large room with Charles Addams atmosphere—black walls, a stark white hospital bed surrounded by electrical equipment. At this time, I had not an actual treatment, but a verbal run-through of what I *would* get if a treatment were given. Miss Sartin sized up my face with the same pitying look that a structural engineer might have cast at the bridge over the River Kwai—after the explosion. My skin was classified as sensitive, with a tendency toward oiliness, and what I needed was a lot of help.

Her procedure for me would be as follows: First, a cleansing with a Sartin lotion called White Astringent that also medicates the face, and a cleansing oil on eye and neck area. Then, hormone cream, applied to eye and neck area and electrically massaged into the skin; this cream, later removed with a heating iron. Then, the facial-exercise machine, followed by skin-toning—an electric suction process, done with glass tubes, to activate the skin, give it elasticity. Next, a special lamp—not to rub nor wish on, but simply to lie under for four minutes; this, she said, makes skin clearer, more snagproof. After this, a poultice pack spread over the face to help heal and strengthen the skin. Last, a tinted astringent lotion to continue the medication under make-up, and tinted moisture cream for eyes and neck.

I was told that after six treatments here (not all exactly the same routine; in one treatment, I'd have a thorough blackhead eviction, in another, complete make-up advice), I'd be able to go for six months before needing another; meanwhile, I could follow a planned program at home. The secret ingredients of her potions and equipment, Miss Sartin—with sphinx-like clam-uppance—won't divulge, but she did say that she too believes in soap hand-applied to the face, also stressed the importance of a careful diet as part of a skin-improvement plan.

FOUR-MACHINE FACIAL

Electric beautifiers of a different variety can be found at the pink and white striped salon of Lilly Daché, where face and body work is done. The Daché *(Continued on page 157)*

"She was Charming" *(Continued from page 101)*

chance. She was doing a samba with the hostess' rather portly brother—making him hop and jump about until his face was beet red—when he cut in on her.

She was, she said, delighted to meet him. He was pleased at that, only he couldn't help feeling there was nothing very personal about it. She seemed so very much like someone who was always delighted to meet anyone.

Within the first two turns of the floor she'd asked him a dozen questions; waited for less than half the answers; picked him a buttonhole from a nearby vase; asked him if he liked her new dress; made a morning's golf date with a couple they bumped into; pulled Meyer Davis' coat tail to make him turn around so that she could wish him good evening, and stated flatly that this was the best party she had ever been to—and that she was definitely going to take a midnight swim.

When he saw the cutting-in line starting towards him he was quite relieved to be given the chance to take a breather. He found a glass of champagne and stood in a corner watching her pass from man to man like a featherweight part in an assembly line.

Maybe it was because his eye was focused on her, but she seemed to be the only person on the floor who gave off any sparkle; there were more beautiful faces, more striking figures, more breath-taking dresses but as she spun in and out and around she seemed to give off little flicks of light—like a firefly on a dark night. It was amazing, to him; he'd never seen anyone's personality come through so strongly—and yet, it wasn't a strong personality in the driving, forceful sense—but it was so terribly definite, her mischievousness just fun, and her vitality, irresistibly gay.

Everyone who danced with her seemed to catch some of it—and while they held her, they, too, seemed to shine a little.

Watching her from his corner he suddenly found himself wanting to laugh out loud, not at anything in particular but just because he felt unusually happy.

He'd run into this Tinkerbell quality before—but it had always been just that—light, elusive, never truly rounded, but now, in this girl, it had character. Lord knows, she was light and elusive, but there was a hard core somewhere—her gaiety seemed to have some kind of discipline.

As he watched her he realized something else about her—she was a natural-born flirt, not coyly, but openly, with that rare and wonderful gift of being able to establish an intimacy whenever she wanted. Realizing that, he'd looked for signs of slight antagonism on the part of the other women—but there were none.

The moustachio-ed bore cut in. This time, perhaps because their meeting was more public, she treated him with great respect, only no matter how serious she might want to be, it never lasted long. Soon she had him trying a new step and finally when he was cut in on the moustachio-ed one went off, happily.

He'd watched them come and go; no matter what their mood when they came up, when they left her their spirits were higher. Her gaiety was the most infectious he'd ever seen. No matter how much fun she was giving and having, she was never "the life of the party." Whatever it was she had. she had more of it than he had ever seen in one person.

Soon he cut in—and now here they were, a little out of breath, alone on the sofa. She was quiet now, for a moment she put her head back and closed her eyes. He watched her. Again he suddenly felt a wave of happiness—only this time he didn't want to laugh. It was some time later that he learned she was just nineteen.

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As seen on pages 92-93



Ghostwriting the coiffure news: a Bonat permanent wave

Coiffures now are smoother, sometimes (as above) longer, often have a buoyant, blown bulk that is best achieved with a good, body-building permanent—such as Bonat's new "Pretty Soft" wave, custom-tailored for the 1960 coiffures. It provides the aforesaid body while eschewing tight, too-curly curls, and it's freighted with vitamins that are absorbed into the hair to promote a threefold effect: body, elasticity, softness.

Bonat maintains a program of continuing research. Among recent results: "instant" lotions to cut waving time to a minimum; self-timing lotions that automatically stop acting at just the right moment; lotions with built-in shampoo action; and custom-tailored waves designed for specific types of hair or specific results.

Some of the specialties in the impressive stable of Bonat custom waves are these:

For tinted and bleached hair: "Enhance" gives body to discouraged hair, coaxes it to a springier depth of curl.
For average hair: "Twinkle," a speedy wave, thanks to instant-action lotions, contains a protective agent that helps retain the natural moisture and oils of the hair and scalp so as to prevent drying and frizzing.
For hard-to-wave hair: "Fragrant" gives a good, strong wave. It has the safe, self-timing lotion. Bonat waves are available in New York City at the Walter Florell Salon.

On the day shift—new detail

More chapter and verse of the lingerie story on page 142: a satin slip with detailing so delicate—tiny flowers embroidered on the bodice—that it might be taken for famously-luxurious, embroidered French lingerie; but the inspiration and the execution are American and the price is a less-than-luxury figure. By Barbizon, in satin of nylon-Dacron-silk, trimmed with nylon lace; the colour is a creamy, candlelight beige. About $9; available in late February at Altman's; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson.

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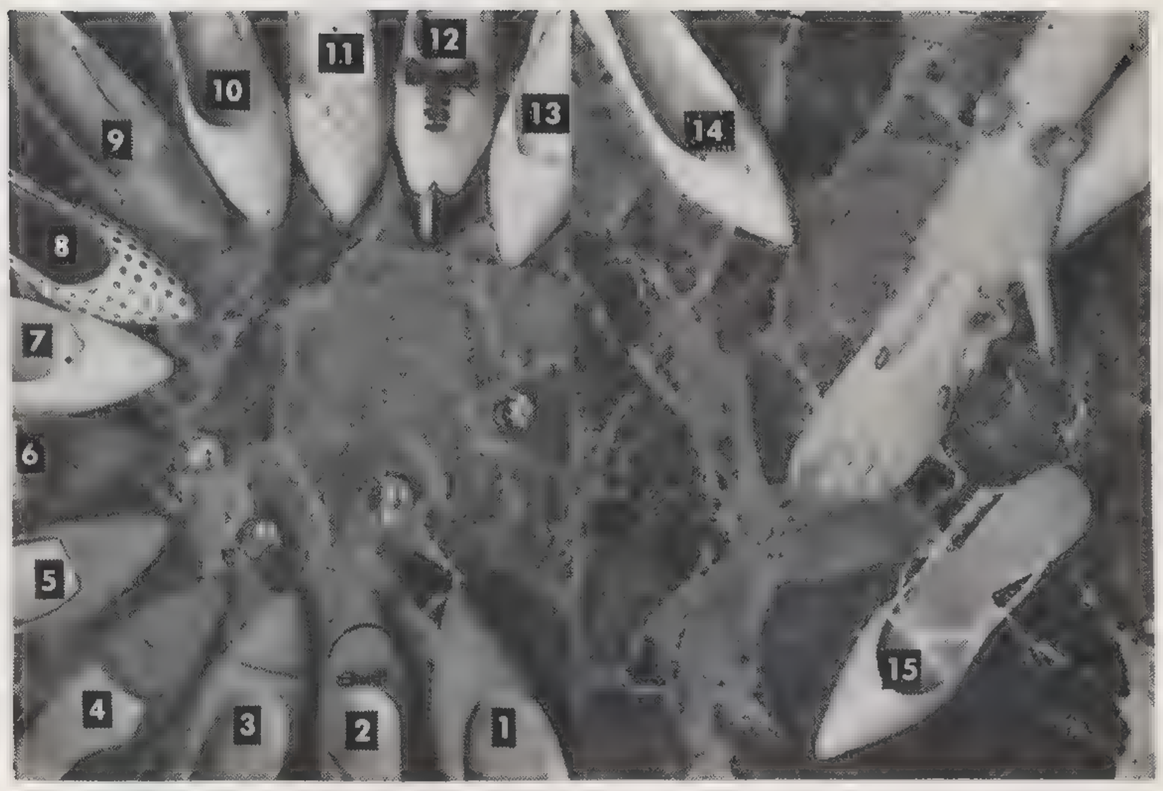
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Details of the shoe news, pages 122-123



1. Grey-green Customcraft shoe of Loewenstein calfskin, about $23. At Lord & Taylor; Neusteter's; Bullock's, Pasadena.

2. By Pappagallo, of Fleming-Joffe leather in a new shade called "sweet potato"; black trim. About $20. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Bonwit Teller, Boston; Gus Blass.

3. Taupey-grey Millerkins shoe, of Hubschman calfskin; stacked leather heel; about $24. At I. Miller, New York; Guild House, Boston; Sommer & Kaufmann.

4. Butterscotch Life Stride shoe, of Armour suèded leather, calfskin-trimmed. About $13. At Macy's.

5. Gamins shoe, of Haus of Krause beige suèded pigskin, trimmed in taupe calfskin; about $20. At Andrew Geller; Julius Garfinckel; Al Rosenthal; Sakowitz.

6. Olive-green shoe by Newton Elkin, of Hubschman calfskin. About $29. To order at Lord & Taylor.

7. Bone-beige Fiancées shoe, of Armour suèded leather, kidskin-trimmed; stacked leather heel; about $13. At Arnold Constable; Famous-Barr.

8. Julianelli shoe, of white imported French silk faille with woven green raffia polka dots; about $35. At Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Himelhoch's.

9. Mocha shoe by Mademoiselle, of unlined Eisendrath Firenze calfskin, with stacked leather heel. About $19. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; L. L. Berger.

10. Caramel and white: Evins shoe, of imported Italian hand-woven calfskin. About $50. At I. Miller.

11. Golden beige shoe by Vitality, of Loewenstein pigskin. About $15. At Vandervoort's.

12. Tawny-beige, black-trimmed; by Margaret Jerrold, of imported German aniline kidskin, with stacked leather heel. About $27. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr.

13. Panorama driftwood-beige shoe, of Fleming-Joffe alligator lizard. About $20. At Jay Thorpe.

14. Bally of Switzerland chalky-blue shoe, of Loewenstein calfskin. About $32. At Altman's; Frank Werner, San Francisco.

15. Whitened-gray shoe by Debs, of Davis calfskin. About $14. At Woodward & Lothrop; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Jewellery by Van S Authentics, at Altman's. Belle-Sharmeer seamless stockings in "Salt Water Taffy" shade, at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Hudson's.

How high the heel

Information, details about the shoes and stockings, pages 120-121

Page 120, lower left: Tan calfskin walking shoe with medium-high stacked leather heel, fringed bow. By Evins, in Eisendrath Firenze calfskin; about $55. At I. Miller; Neusteter's; I. Magnin. Full-fashioned stocking in pale champagne-beige, by Gotham Gold Stripe; Franklin Simon; Rich's; The May Co., Cleveland.

Upper left: Country walking shoe in curry-coloured suèded calfskin; lowish stacked leather heel. By Delman; Donovan calfskin. About $37. At Bergdorf Goodman. New country stretch stockings, jacquard-patterned; "Rickrack," by Phoenix, in rosy beige. Bergdorf Goodman; Miller & Rhoads; Vandervoort's.

Page 121, upper right: Bone kidskin opera pump with baby heel; the heel, back, and collar in brown-and-white natural python. By Pappagallo; Allied kidskin; natural python from Fleming-Joffe. About $18 at The Shop for Pappagallo; Joseph Magnin; Meier & Frank. Stocking, seamless, demi-toe, very pale beige; Van Raalte's "Bone." At Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Hudson's.

Lower right: Very-high-heeled opera pump in buff-coloured suède imported from France, trimmed with double rows of perforations. By Herbert Levine; about $38. At Bonwit Teller; The Blum Store; Joseph Magnin. Hanes seamless stocking, demi-toe, in a taupe-brown called "Driftwood." Best & Co.; Filene's.

Shown with dress-and-jacket costume, page 121: Pale-brown calfskin opera pumps with high heels, rows of crisscross stitching; by Avonettes. About $23, at Godchaux. Demi-toe seamless stocking in pale yellowed beige, by Mary Grey. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Chas. A. Stevens; Paul Steketee.

How to tell the junk from the good in contemporary music

BY DAVID BARNETT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *David Barnett, pianist, composer, and faculty member at both Wellesley College and the New England Conservatory of Music, first wrote these notes for the November issue of the* Wellesley Alumnae Magazine.

A sensation of inadequacy may be had from the immense productivity of modern music. But, as in everything, there is much that is only sound and fury and it has its quota of, if not idiots, fanatics. Let me itemize some of the ways of telling quality from quantity in modern music:

RULE I: If the composer uses an instrument in a way not intended by its construction, you may safely disregard his products. This rule will clear your musical atmosphere of all compositions which require the pianist to reach over and pluck the strings or to insert coins, clothespins, bobby pins, or other household articles between the strings, or which require the violinist to use the wooden part as a bow or slap the back of his fiddle.

Obviously, such compositions should have been scored for a group of instruments, using each for its intended purpose: the harp plucking strings and the varied roster of percussion instruments providing the other sounds. In that way, we could have judged the value of these sounds undisturbed by astonishment at how they were produced.

RULE II: You will miss no important experience by withdrawing your attention from compositions which are prefaced by elaborate program notes of a philosophic nature. If the composer tells us that he has set out to capture in tone the mysteries of the universe or the relation between God and Nature, it is not so much that music is incapable of expressing such things but that, if expressible, they are the concern of the music and the listener alone and must be derived within that relationship.

One cannot set out to be profound. If a composer's music turns out to be profound, this is incidental to his effort to express and because there are depths to his nature which have echoed in his music. Elaborate philosophic explanations mean that the composer is impressed by the implications of music as an activity and not that his music will be either profound or illuminating. One might compare this with going to church with the feeling that religion is a wonderfully spiritual and complicated thing. As we all know, true religious feelings are much simpler and more subjective.

RULE III: You need not give more than passing consideration to compositions which are prefixed by technical explanations. If a composer tells us that he has restricted himself to a few notes in a certain unchanging order, we are privileged to ask him the simple question, "Why?" And we must judge the effect of his composition by the same criteria that we apply to music which does not start out from such restrictions.

As in the case of other activities, there is much to be gained by experimentation. But this experimentation should take place within the confines of the musical laboratory and for the benefit of other technicians. We notice the same situation in the field of medicine. Many doctors who consider experimentation the lifeblood of medical progress have become impatient with the release of general information to the general public before they have had a chance to assess its value or test its consequences. They are irritated by patients who seem to know more about a particular cure than they do, their traditional caution is impaired and their authority is questioned.

Perhaps a simple solution

(Continued on page 155)



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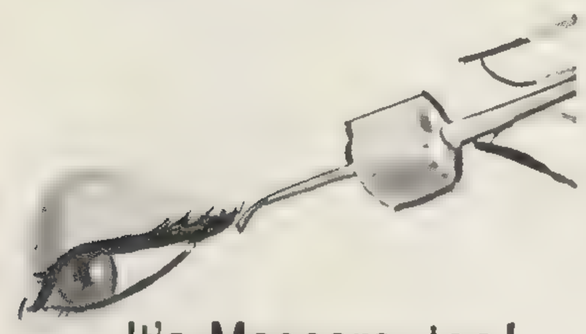
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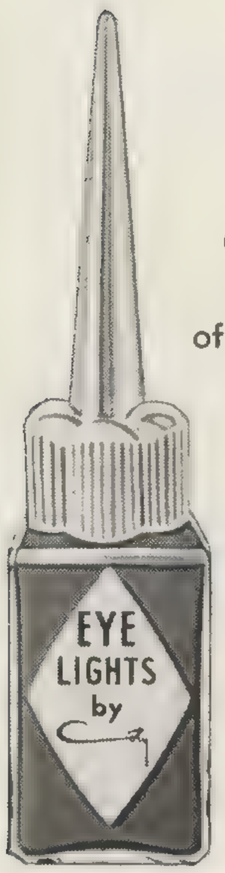
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"THE BEST OF THE BEST"

(Continued from page 87)

Elizabeth Bowen, one of the most distinguished novelists as well as an extraordinary traveller, both subjective and perceptive, has now written* A Time in Rome *(published by Knopf) that is only a little more about Rome than it is about Elizabeth Bowen in Rome. In that difference lies its deep pleasure. A walker, Miss Bowen assimilates the Roman centuries, the Forum, the passion of Romans now to ride out of the city, "for, to the interest of spotting Rome in the far distance is added the triumph of being out of it." She wonders about that impassioned bombardier, Cellini, about the compensations of being one of those six aristocratic virgins, ranging in age from fifteen to forty-five, who kept the sacred flame burning on the altar of Vesta.

The existences of the Vestal Virgins were, as I see it, enviable. For what they forwent as women, they were compensated in the ways women most truly enjoy. An aura surrounded them. Limelit appearances, during which everything that they said and did was above criticism, alternated with restful privacy. Their transit through streets or across the Forum left behind it a wake of awe, not untouched by sentiment, in the most profane. They were on idyllic terms with Emperors with whom it would otherwise have been impossible to be platonic. So far as the great could relish intelligence, the six had an opportunity to show it. The elevated seclusion in which they lived must have been favourable to the growth of character, as is conditioned air to the nurseling plant. Vestals' counsels were harkened to; they could exercise influence, and did so. They could secure pardons: a Vestal meeting in the street a criminal being taken to execution could have him spared. Sheathed from grossnesses, insulated from dramas, scandals, the six during their sallies into the *beau monde* were free to observe these at close quarters: much must they have had to discuss, with a cool wonder, upon their return to the cool Atrium. Yet they knew, one may hope, something more than serene complacency; rendered to religion by dedication, they cannot but have been spiritualized by their unearthly duties. Moreover, what they saw of the flesh must have beautified for them their vow of chastity.

Van Wyck Brooks, who has spent over fifty years strolling through America's literary woods, has written an almost-loving portrait of a friend, a good writer rather eclipsed by the great writers around him, in* Howells: His Life and World, *published by Dutton. When William Dean Howells came from Ohio to be editor of* The Atlantic *in Boston from 1871 to 1881, he became friends with Henry James and Mark Twain, published them both, but thought Dickens "too Gothic." In his own hundred-odd books, novels, essays, and travel pieces, there were no dark places; appearances were the reality of living. Here, a passage about Cambridge when Howells lived there, taking walks with James Russell Lowell, and about Boston when he worked there, usually in the afternoons.

It was usually by horse-car that Howells went to Boston.... For the rest, unlike most husbands and fathers inhabiting this suburb, this Cambridge frontier between city and country, Howells, working at home by day, while others had gone to Boston, saw the strange characters who came to the door. There was an Irish pedlar of starch, a one-armed soldier who sat down on the steps one afternoon and told him all about the fight at Vicksburg, and there was a sailor, just back from the sea, whose wife was dead and his family lost and who had come to Cambridge to find his daughter. This was a piece of literature made to one's hand, for the sailor was actually just out of prison where he had been sent for bigamy, and the episode that had appeared so perfect as a tragedy did not seem less finished as a farce. Italian harpers came to the door, vendors of plaster statuettes, Canovan deities and dancers, figures of Apollo, a Lombard scissors-grinder, a little old woman from Genoa with packets of needles and pins, thread and tape. Among Howells' doorstep acquaintances were an ex-journalist from Trieste, a greengrocer from Milan who had lived in Athens, a Venetian who carolled a barcarole and a Neapolitan chestnut-roaster, all of whom were glad to tell their stories. Howells, who loved gaiety of colour and who knew so well the Italian scene, saw Cambridge as half Italianized, and it seemed to his receptive spirit that all the people of romance, Greeks, fairies, and genii, were at his door. They had only to be hospitably treated, he was convinced, to surpass, for the purposes of fiction, the cunningest inventions. To his Emersonian imagination, it was indifferent that Harvard Square was adorned only with a pump and horse-trough instead of the fountain one saw in the piazza at Lucca.

Then his walks about Cambridge, sometimes with Lowell, past outlying cornfields and vacant lots, also yielded scenes that were . . . tragic, like the grocer's cart containing the body of a young girl who had drowned herself, a foretaste of his admired Stephen Crane's *Maggie*. There were, moreover, the simple joys of a trip down the harbour, on the "Rose Standish," to Nantasket Beach, where Silas Lapham was to have his summer cottage, passing green-shuttered passenger boats, steamships of coastwise lines and sailing craft skimming round about them. Howells had noticed that the shabby wharves, with their barrels and bales, hacks and trucks, turned beautiful when you saw them from a little distance; and his light-hearted *A Day's Pleasure* was all the more amusing when the family, arriving, did not go on shore. They decided to stay on the boat and "respect their illusions," and it was then that Cousin Frank defined for Aunt Lucy "our Boston look." ("Why, that's what we call our Boston look . . . You needn't have written anything to have it,—it's as general as tubercular consumption, and is the effect of our universal culture and habit of reading. I heard a New Yorker say once, that if you went into a corner grocery in Boston to buy a codfish, the man would ask you how you liked 'Lucile' whilst he was tying it up.")

"Anything at all can happen on Dominica"

BY KATE SIMON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kate Simon is the author of that bright portrait of New York, the offbeat and gossipy* New York Places and Pleasures. *Over the last fifteen years her habit of travelling has taken her to Greece, Dutch Guiana, Israel, and, always, Mexico. (Her second revision of Frances Toor's* New Guide to Mexico *will be published by Crown this spring.) Now, she is working on a history of Fifth Avenue for Rinehart, and will write it in Italy this year.*

All tropical islands are, by their very nature, exaggerated: isolated, not by distance or inaccessibility, but by the dangers and protections of the sea, their green excess growing greedily. The sun shines with unremitting brilliance; the rains lash out with violence. People are quiet; the human brain bakes pleasantly, and life moves at a sloth's pace; then, at a touch, the casual and quiet become impassioned; the carelessness breaks into savagery, the long reserved energy roars into a storm.

Each island has its legend, often living, of a rich American who lives cocooned in sensible endeavour for ten months out of the year, then descends to his island some weeks before carnival and, with intense application and joy, goes native. Always (and this is basic to the legend) he leads the painted, drunken carnival—king of abandon and dark pleasures. It is as if this persistent myth were a folk symbol of the quality of the islands themselves.

Dominica, in the British West Indies, lives on the outermost edge of these extremes, exaggerating even the common exaggerations. It is an island of contradictions, inconveniences, and great charms which have to be wrested from it. Extravagantly fertile, it is too mountainous in many of its parts to be profitably cultivated; it is thinly populated. It thrusts magnificently out of the sea and has few usable beaches; it has been a British island for one hundred and seventy-six years and the bulk of the population speaks a French patois. The sun shines, but its light is shrouded by small, soft rain. (The local delicacy, "mountain chicken," is a large frog.)

Dominica has little social life and sparse communications with outer worlds, and yet shelters a small, distinguished expatriate colony of painters, writers, and millionaires. Its history is shaded with misfortune: it was a pawn in the French-British fighting and horse trading that went on from 1761 into the nineteenth century. Although its position was strategic, its ports were either too hazardous or too malarial for important commercial use.

Hard luck starred it with plant disease, hurricanes and, of course, a fragile economy; the tourist trade passes it by because there are few amenities and none of the luxuries that glitter beckoningly from other islands. No one considers it important or valuable, except its insular citizens and the rare, hardy visitors who stay long enough to be enchained by its odd flavour, and in these factors lies its greatest charm.

The island's hard-way quality manifests itself long before one reaches it. From Martinique, for instance, the trip starts with the minor outrage of having to ride clear across *that* island to get to the airport, at the farthest remove from the hotels in Fort-de-France.

A small seaplane, rather like a schematic working model, takes up its few passengers and, then, sometimes has to do heroic battle with a swift tropical storm. The sky becomes an ocean, the sheets of rain like waves, beating the metal kite back to Martinique. The plane strains away and the passengers pull with it, with back, legs, and neck muscles. (Frequently, at the end of such a trip, the few passengers spontaneously babble at each other in the intimacy of relief.)

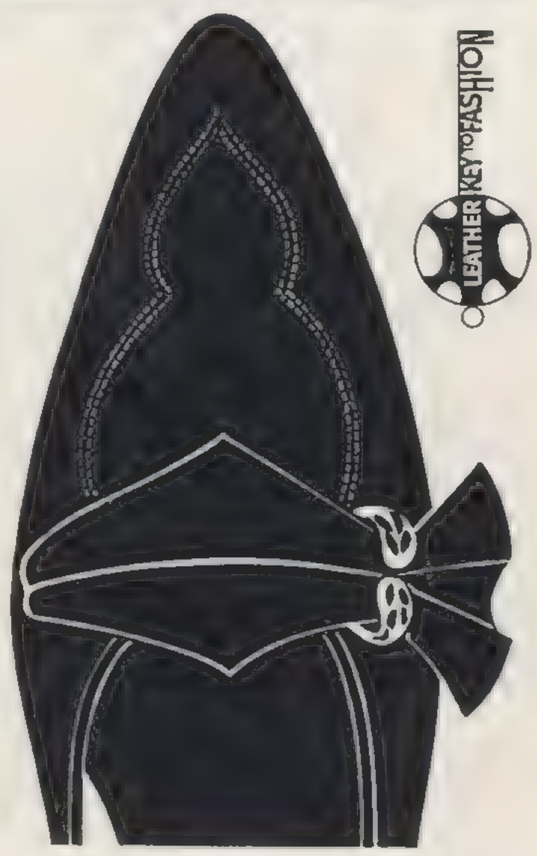
The plane soon approaches the huge green loaf bursting straight out of the sea and carefully settles in the water beside it, as one might sit into an erratic rocking chair. A rowboat approaches manned by a couple of solemn young men—white middied, sailor-capped—who hand one delicately into the boat, where, in a series of uncertain gestures induced by the boat's movement, papers are checked. (This is possibly the most remarkable immigration office in the western world.) Through with the checking, the boat approaches a launch; bags, mail, and passengers are transferred, and it becomes apparent that *this* is the social centre.

Guests are received, important mail searched for; the upperclass, curious, comes out for the ride and to pick up the gossip from Jamaica or Barbados, St. Vincent's or Martinique. And the visitor happily rides, explaining the oddity of his being there at all, eavesdropping on gossip. After a half hour or so, the launch stops at the wharf of Roseau, main town, citadel of the movie palace, site of the one secondary school on the island.

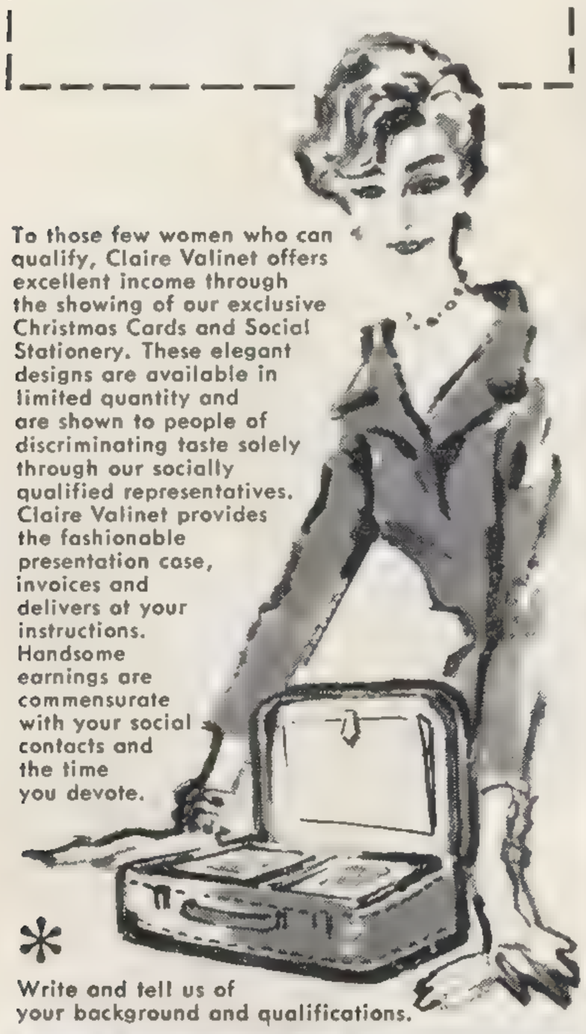
Except for one guest house which is small, civilized, and usually occupied by visiting dignitaries from other islands, accommodations are hardly superlative; the usual standards should be dis-

(Continued on page 154)

JUDITH

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"ANYTHING AT ALL CAN HAPPEN ON DOMINICA"

(Continued from page 153)

carded. La Paz, the small hotel on the main street of Roseau, is pure Somerset Maugham. Its efforts are based on an offhand amiability rather than brisk anticipation of needs.

Your needs are your business; theirs is to provide the space for pondering them. The core of the building is a hollow shaft which gives free play to breezes wafted up from the kitchen, to the sounds of thick crockery, to the muted wails of the maid-cook's baby and to the soft litany of an older child: "Six sixes are thirty-six; seven sixes are forty-two." The bedrooms open out into two galleries; an inner and an outer.

Each gallery leads to a bathroom. and. since the window blinds or shutters may not blind or shut. there is a constant view of pyjamaed guests lying in bed or pattering sleepily to a shower. Nor do the walls meet the ceiling. Staying there is something like living in a very progressive school, or in a light-case hospital ward.

Throughout, British decorum is maintained; one nods politely or, at most, allows oneself the bold freedom of a "Good morning" until, in the evening, the rum flows. Then one sits with other guests on the outer gallery, talking above the roar of the outdoor movie across the street, eyes glued to the frustrating, hypnotic, triangle of screen visible beyond the movie wall.

The food is "island," sometimes aromatically spiced, sometimes flannelly, plain-boiled in the British manner. As is usually the case, the native dishes are best; frothy whips of tropical fruits, the "mountain chicken," and overgrown citrus fruits.

Since Dominica is an island where nothing happens, it has a capacity for letting anything at all happen. Its people talk to themselves softly and seriously and, as if they had reviewed a set of grievances and found them just, they suddenly attack each other in a squall of shouting and dress-tearing involving, at first, one man and two women and then more (dialect pouring out more incomprehensively as the excitement mounts), churning into fury and derision.

Just as suddenly, the whirling mass, like clothing in a washing machine, quiets and separates. Muttering normalcy takes over, and oozes along as before.

Roseau has very few houses which soar architecturally beyond the whitewashed rectangle, but in one of these blocks. at cocktail time, there is likely to be a party glittering with wit, and imported delicacies.

These parties are never guaranteed the visitor—and often they honour the visiting circuit judge or government official making his round of the islands—but the curiosity about who you *could* be to have come so far to so obscure a place, may produce the first and subsequent invitations. You may meet a homesick British official, a Hungarian physician in exile, an American working a cocoa plantation in the hills, two or three British and American artists and writers and, inescapably, the elderly eccentric who came for a few days, some thirty years ago.

With not much to sustain itself. Roseau still feels able to afford the luxury of a beautiful botanical garden, full of odd trees, playful trees, sinister trees. Here are the famous travellers' palms; once seen, they supposedly leave a delicate immortal wound which draws one forever back to the islands. They seem flat, two-dimensional, like a child's painting of palms. Another tree bears on its not-too-sturdy branches a long coconut which may fall at your feet with the impact of a cannon ball; the Dominicans *know* that they never land on a head.

Up beyond the park is Morne Bruce, affording a noble view of the sea and of Roseau, which appears from above to be a spill of dice contained only by sea and hills. Still beyond—past the houses of the old French families (curiously distinguished by red lights over their front doors), past extravagant woods with rare birds, and cocoa plantations with greens confettied with the reds, browns, and yellows of cocoa pods—one reaches a swimming hole, part of the Layou River, fringed with feathery trees and almost vulgar in its postcard perfection. Several small streams splash into a basin where one can float around and around, propelled effortlessly by the little currents.

The main road from Roseau should some day reach northward over the mountains down to Portsmouth, or southward to Scott's Head, making the good beaches there simple to reach; now they can be reached only by launch, horse, or foot. Swimming around Roseau is neither exciting nor comfortable, although a modest beach club makes visitors most welcome.

There are several trips one may make into the country. One, taking a couple of days, is a visit to a Carib Indian settlement, reputedly the last of this tribe; it demands considerable stamina, stubbornness, and Indiophilia.

Another day trip takes one, by taxi and a climb, to magnificent jungle, gorges, and steamy springs. But it will content the non-athletic to lend themselves to the easy tempo of Dominica and take short trips into the hills around Roseau for tastes of wild greenness and the shy, insular appeal of the island's people.

PARIS-MADE BOUTIQUE CLOTHES

The following is a list of Galerie shops throughout the country where the fashions shown on pages 102-103 may be found.

Albuquerque, N. M. ..... Hubbard's
Asheville, N. C. ..... Bon Marché
Birmingham, Ala. ..... J. Blach & Sons
Charlotte, N. C. ..... Bon Marché
Chattanooga, Tenn. ..... Miller Bros.
Corpus Christi, Tex. ..... Lichtenstein's
El Paso, Tex. ..... Popular Dry Goods
Fort Worth, Tex. ..... Stripling's

THE JUNK FROM THE GOOD

(Continued from page 151)

for experimental music would be its publication in a journal, like articles on musicology. Or there could be laboratory-type performances where it would receive a hearing without bringing in the general public to take sides about what is not yet beyond the experimental stage.

With the aid of these three rules, you can dismiss a great quantity of modern music and free your minds for the qualitative products. And having cleared away this mass of material, you can then perceive how to approach the truly valuable remainder.

Here again, the rule is a simple one. All music consists of three elements: melody, harmony, and rhythm. The composer can not do other than manipulate these three elements in terms of instrumental tone. He may temporarily emphasize one element more than the other two or he may preserve a balance among all three. But, like the spinning Chinese whose pigtail continued to hang behind him, no matter what the composer does. the musical outcome will be tunes, harmonies, and rhythms presented by instruments.

Consequently, when we hear a musical composition, whether it be of the fourteenth century, the nineteenth or the twentieth, we should ask ourselves: which of the three elements is the predominating one? Do we get a strong impression of melody or of rhythm or of harmony? Whichever the impression is, we should direct our attention to it for there we shall receive our clue to the expressive intent of the music.

If we get a strong sense of melody, we should look for emotions that song can express; if rhythm dominates, for emotions that the dance can express. If our total impression is harmonic, we should treat the music as an expanded form of melody and look upon the changing harmonies as a tune in chords instead of single notes.

If we suggest such a simple way of listening to music, what is there new about modern music? In order to answer this question, we must realize that there are two factors in the idea of newness, unfamiliarity and appropriateness. You will immediately agree about the first factor and wonder about the second. When we come upon a motet of Tomás Luis de Victoria or a sonata by Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach for the first time, it is a major and new experience for us. We are dazzled by their beauty and expressiveness, and in our complacency we are astonished that anyone who lived so long ago could have experienced so intensely and said so much.

In this sense, part of the experience of living is to encounter the past, and since we arrive on earth without this knowledge, our acquisition of the experiences of those who have lived before us and recorded them has the newness of unfamiliarity. Since we, too, may not be at once, perhaps ever, capable of the intensity of experience which these art works of the past imply, we strive to make ourselves worthy of them and able to absorb them.

In this way, their newness becomes appropriate for us. We may thus be said to live on many different planes and to reach points in our own lives which were already reached centuries before our lifetimes. This is by no means a disadvantage. If we could all be as good and as perfect as some people were in the past, our world would be a wonderful place.

But the world continues to unfold and its slow but constant rate of change produces varieties of situations which, to a minute extent, are different from those that have happened before. It is the task of the artist to perceive these varieties and render them accessible to us, to express what is appropriate to the time of our lives as well as to our lives themselves. Whenever he succeeds, we may all justly celebrate a rare triumph. Not only do we feel that the music is new and appropriate in the light of universal past experience, but also that it is appropriate for us at the moment we are living.

To be on the watch for such successes, such triumphs, is indeed a satisfying and constructive activity and I recommend it highly. It means discrimination, impatience with the quantitative and the dissembling, sensitivity to subtle and fleeting impressions. This may seem a large and exacting demand. Yet who else but the culturally trained people of our country are fitted to meet it?

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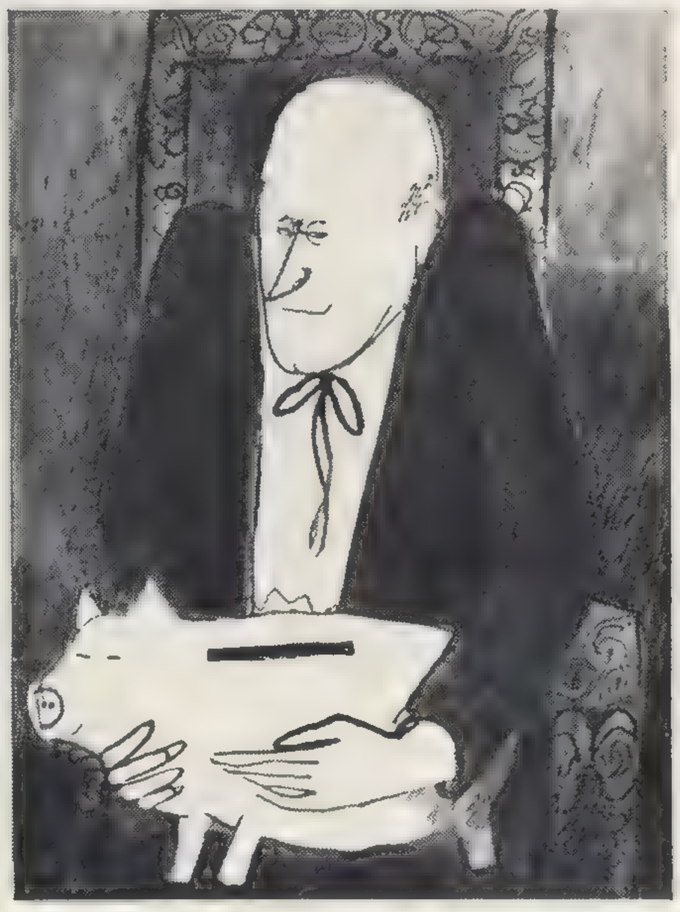
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THE ELECTRIC SWITCH TO BEAUTY

(Continued from page 146)

facial requires four electric machines, all operated by a very attractive and competent brunette with a delightful Paris accent. First, a few minutes of a small suction appliance like a little vacuum cleaner. This was put to my neck and shoulders to step up blood circulation. There was a tingling pull on my skin and muscles, and I felt like a curtain getting its weekly cleaning. After this, I lay back on the table for the next machine, big and white like a combination washer and television with many dials, all labelled in French. I was told that this machine, which provides the principal source of the treatment, is the first and only one in this country and had been at the Daché salon only about eight months. Wet sponges, each with a piece of metal inside, were placed on my upper arms and back of my neck—while I began to wonder what I'd request for my last meal. I was calmed, however, with gentle fingers spreading cleansing cream, then skin freshener, on my face. During this time, the machine ran at very low speed; I noticed only a faint tingle from the pads. Then my face got a layer of thick nourishing cream, and an introduction to the third machine, called a Penetron. This looked more like a darning egg than anything else: black plastic with a flat oval surface and a handle; I learned later this is buyable for home use. The Penetron heated up to a pleasant warmth, was held to my face all over. This helped make the cream penetrate deeper into the skin, and open the pores.

After five minutes of this, came a machine looking like a megaphone-shaped lamp on a goose-neck. This blew out steam mixed with ozone and was said to be wonderful for skin—it opens pores, cleans, nourishes, stimulates blood, disinfects. I was told to breathe deeply while this was blowing on my face, to get some of these benefits in my lungs too. By this time, I was half asleep.

Finally, the "washer-television" came into its own. My chin was wrapped up in spongy ribbons that held current-conducting pads, and the dials were adjusted to increase the current. The steady slow tingle from the arm pads became a more pulsating feeling; the chin holder started vibrating. Involuntarily my eyes twitched, my head moved, and I had the beyond-gravity feeling I used to get from the rides at an amusement park. This episode lasted about fifteen minutes. No attachments were put on the upper part of the face, the theory being that if the chin and cheeks are firm, the rest takes care of itself. After this, I had the finishings: cleanser again, a toning masque, and ice-pack, eye pads with cool lotion. I was told to relax while these were working, but I was already so relaxed I had to be told twice. All this had a very tranquillizing effect on me, and my skin seemed fresh and relaxed too.

WEST COAST STATION

Skipping cross-country, the next place to be probed was the Venner Kelsen salon in Beverly Hills, California—the investigation here done by one of Vogue's West-Coast scouts. Miss Kelsen is another pioneer, having done electrical beauty-business here for fifteen years, making occasional improvements in method and equipment during this time.

This salon is equipped for facial and body treatment, has this visual difference from aforementioned salons: instead of a lying-on table surrounded by electric machines, the table *is* the machine—with electrical apparatus built in. Around the sides are dials, plugs for wires.

The Kelsen facial includes a few minutes of body-relaxing to start with—in the first act, the table is slanted to lower the head slightly, and the table is dialled to an oscillating motion. This, to release tensions, increase circulation. During this time, make-up is removed, creams are applied. Circulation cream is spread around throat, jawline, and forehead only—not mid-face, where capillaries are closer to skin surface. After the cream is removed, fine oil is applied wherever work is needed. The next step: a soft nylon pad, about neck-wide and plugged to an electric wire, is placed at base of throat, at jawline, and under chin. The pad then works up to strategic spots over the face, so that hardly a muscle escapes unexercised. During this time, a surging electric current is used that comes, grips, goes. The soft pad is then replaced by a disc of harder nylon felt, and the current changes from surging to constant; at this point, the patient feels only a tingling sensation. This disc is held against neck, jawline, outer eye area, over eyebrows, and between the brows to discourage frown lines. This disc, our scout was told, also tends to eliminate fat or excess fluid under the skin. After the disc, Miss Kelsen goes back to the soft pad and more current adjustments; this time, the pad works to tighten the skin, slosh out impurities, close large pores. Finally, a face-moulder made of glass that "irons" the skin, smoothing it over the newly exercised muscles.

After all this, our scout says, candidly, she looked lovely. Miss Kelsen, she learned, has developed her own formulae for the creams, oils, and masques used in the salon treatments—these, designed to meet various skin types and problems. It was also learned that Miss Kelsen regularly works on a long list of movie stars—including comeback stars, men stars.

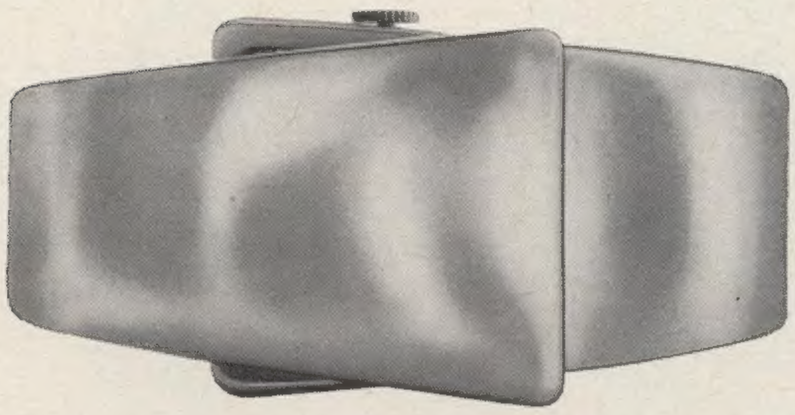
TAKE-HOME BENEFITS

One way that electric beauty treatments can be available to women all over America now: portable machines for use at home, designed to do some of the important facial-exercise of salon treatments. Three kinds of these have come to our attention now, and their manufacturers claim that regular use of them, following charts and directions provided, can give a woman extra years of firm, seamless skin. (Men, too, are taking an interest; one man, devoted to demonstrating and selling one of these portable units, used it consistently for one month on one side of his face only—with fairly incredible results.)

Among the portable machines is the Relax-A-Cizor. This company's newest transistor model (described in our January 1 issue) is small, light; this, like other Relax-A-Cizors, does an extensive body job, also is admirably effective in the facial department. There are two facial attachments—one, a strap for under the chin that fastens at the top of the head, holds electronic pads at important places: under chin, near eyes. The advantage here: both sides of

(Continued on page 158)

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THE ELECTRIC SWITCH TO BEAUTY

(Continued from page 157)

face are exercised simultaneously for quicker, more effective benefits; also hands are left free. The second facial attachment, called the Fingertip Facial, is a new unwrinkle to this machine. Available just about now, it's a little pad that slips over a finger, and can be held to the face wherever needed. This, recommended for quick pickups. Either way, the facial muscles are gripped, flexed, toned. Complete machine, about $290. There is also a small non-transistor model, for about $200.

Another machine for use at home is made by Venner Kelsen. This facial unit provides nearly all of her salon benefits, comes with all necessary pads, discs, cosmetic preparations, to duplicate, as closely as possible, the Kelsen salon methods. This machine provides three kinds of current—pulsating, surging, constant; takes up about as much space as a portable typewriter. This machine, about $245.

A third portable facial exerciser, made by Zeigler, comes in a case about the size of a jewel-box. This has a wired attachment that holds two small sponges, presoaked in soapy water to conduct current. These sponges, in their plastic fitting, are put to work on the face, have the same effect: the gripping of muscles, the making of involuntary grimaces. This unit is uncomplicated to use, is the least expensive: about $160. In New York, these are sold at Lord & Taylor.

Salon treatments for electric beauty are fairly expensive now. Prices range from $15 to $35 per treatment, depending on the kind of work needed. All these beauty-workings, whether in salons or at home, might be classified as luxuries—but constructive luxuries.

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